The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1926 NUMBER 588

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The Week

ON THE eve of going to Geneva to attend the League meeting, Sir Austen Chamberlain has categorically denied that he made any promise in Paris to support Poland's application for a permanent seat on the Council. He has also said that he would be opposed to any enlargement of the membership for the purpose of offsetting Germany's vote. Thus the latest "crisis" of the League seems to have been met in safety. The matter of additional permanent memberships in the Council will be postponed until next autumn, and if any nation is added at that time it will be Spain. Refusing a seat to Poland is wise for two reasons. Germany agreed to ask for admission to the League on the understanding that the Council would not be substantially altered in character before she take her seat, and she would certainly resent such a bare-faced attempt to pack the Council against her. Moreover, Poland cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a great power, and the permanent places on the Council have in the past been reserved for these.

THE incident is chiefly important for the revealing light it throws on the state of mind existing among the diplomats of Europe. France wanted Poland admitted to the Council because she feared that Germany and the British Empire, acting together, would outvote her, despite the fact that all decisions of the Council have to be unanimous. British public opinion has been unanimous against the addition of Poland, partly for the reasons mentioned above, but partly because of the fear that England's own interests would be imperilled by the new "Slav-Latin bloc" which would be created. The new spirit supposed to have been engendered by Locarno is not all-pervasive, after all. The British and French diplomats are still thinking in terms of a balance of power; and Mussolini, of course, has never done anything else. This does not mean that the League of Nations is "doomed" or "crippled" or "made a mockery." The League survived for five years, up to the time of Locarno, five years during which the balance-of-power theory was maintained quite as openly as at present. But the present situation does reveal how premature were those optimists who assumed that Europe "got religion" the moment the Locarno treaties were signed.

IN another column our Washington correspondent calls attention to the most extraordinary and characteristic episode in the final manufacture of the new tax bill. This was the refunding of $85,000,000 of taxes which had already been levied on large estates under the existing law. From 1921 to 1924 the maximum tax rate upon the largest estates was 25 percent. But the tax bill of 1924 increased the rate on estates of over $10,000,000 to 40 percent, the idea being that in this way the nation would be reimbursed for the super-taxes which in one way or another the super-millionaires had evaded. Several thousand estates have either paid or are obligated to pay taxes under these rates. In all some $85,000,000 was collected or was due from estates over $5,000,000 in value. Among these estates, the Woolworth, the Huntington, the Clark, the Bigg, the Duke, the Fleishman and the Lawson estates were the largest. This money was simply given back to the heirs, and it was done practically without public discussion. The Senate bill repealed the estate tax entirely and this retroactive clause was included in this repeal. In the bill as it emerged from conference the estate tax

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was saved, but the refund remained. The proposal was never considered on its merits in either house of Congress. The newspapers practically ignored it. It remained for a single member of Congress, Mr. Newton of Minnesota, to call public attention to these facts. It is a perfect illustration of the power which powerful special interests in conflict with the law can now exert over the government in Washington. A law which they do not like and cannot evade they simple repeal, and they can even date the repeal back to the time of its original passage.

IN previous articles we have pointed out that one of the principal sources of expanding demand for the constantly growing stream of American products has been our export trade. Now come figures for January, 1926, which show a falling off in exports from December of $69,000,000, and since January, 1925, of $47,000,000. One of the chief causes of our heavy exports last year was the large amount of money we lent to Europe so that it might buy our products. It is therefore significant that foreign securities marketed in the United States in January were below the monthly average, both for the past year and its first quarter. There are other reasons for apprehension also. As European agriculture revives, smaller quantities of our crops are required. And as European manufacture revives, Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce has warned us that its competition in markets for finished products is likely to cut into our exports. Subsequent months may reverse the January tendency, but so far the outlook is dubious.

AT a recent luncheon of the National Republican Club Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks said that the United States should, for the good of the Filipinos, retain sovereignty of the Islands, control of their finances, and perhaps of the administration of justice—otherwise granting them as large a measure of autonomy as possible. Just what that autonomy would consist in is not quite clear. We may, however, give the Professor credit for admirable solicitude for the welfare of these distant people. Then, like the inevitable antiphony of a Greek chorus, came Mr. John M. Switzer, arguing that we must retain the Philippines as a source of tropical raw materials such as rubber, necessary for the development of American industry, in view of the discriminating tariffs that might in the future be levied against us by other nations having colonial possessions. We are not at all sure but that the objectives which appeal to Professor Jenks might not turn out to be more substantial than those envisaged by Mr. Switzer. It would indeed be a tasty joke on Republican clubbery if, while protesting that we are retaining the Philippines for their own good, and expecting the reward of generosity by way of plenty of cheap rubber, we should succeed in benefiting the Filipinos without getting the rubber. However that may be, we believe it more honest and more dignified to decide once for all whether our action in the matter is to be based on ethical or on selfish considerations, and having made the choice of standards, to stick to it regardless.

CONSPICUOUS among Uncle Sam's neglected wards are the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands. Since these were purchased a few years ago from Denmark, they have been subjected to a casual and haphazard sort of government, largely by naval officers, which has succeeded only in rousing the ill-will of the whole population. So much is this the case that whereas in 1916 they would have voted almost unanimously for allegiance to America they would now, it is said, be almost equally unanimous against it if they had the opportunity to express themselves. We are glad to note that a bill has been introduced in Congress by Representative Robert Bacon to establish in the islands a real government. Under its terms, a governor would be appointed by the President, five executive department heads would be appointed from the islands, and the two municipalities, St. Thomas and St. Croix, would each have legislative power for its own district, while the two would join in passing laws for the general government of the islands. All men and women over twenty-one and able to read and write English would have the franchise—a provision which would involve no hardship since 90 percent of the population are literate. Citizenship would be conferred on all the natives, whether now resident in the islands or in the United States. In a word, the bill would abolish an anomalous and unjust situation and give the islands the reasonable degree of self-government to which they are entitled both in justice and because of their own degree of political development.

IN NEW YORK state, as our readers are aware, the housing question has again become an important political issue. Governor Smith is fighting for his program of lending state aid to limited dividend corporations which will build for persons with limited incomes houses which are in every way much better than they are now able to obtain. The opponents of this plan up to the present have not cut a very pretty figure. The Republicans in the State Legislature are willing to accept one-half of the scheme. They concede the necessity of using the power of condemnation in assembling the land on which these houses are to be erected. They oppose, however, the State Housing Bank which would issue and sell tax-exempt bonds and lend the money to the building corporations. While the power of condemnation is highly desirable, the project cannot possibly be carried through if the builders are forced to go into the ordinary money market for their funds. People who have large sums to lend for housing will not invest at 6 percent when they can make 8 or 9 or even more by continuing to put

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their money into expensive apartments, or business construction, as they do now. If the state does not take steps to see that capital is provided in large quantities at low rates, the whole scheme will be wrecked. No one knows this better than the Republican politicians who want it wrecked but do not dare come out and say so.

IN THIS they are less honest, if more discreet, than some of their friends. The Real Estate Board of New York has acted with a stupidity which is surprising from people with so much money, who therefore ought to be able to hire better brains to give them advice than they evidently do. The Board has come out openly in opposition to the whole plan. It has thereby confessed that it has an economic stake in keeping in their present wellnigh unendurable state the conditions under which the poor live. Hear Edward P. Doyle, director of the Real Estate Board, on this subject. He begins by asserting that the housing experiment of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is a failure although it had the advantage of new state regulations relaxing the restrictions of the building code. The fact is that the experiment did not have the benefit of these regulations and that it is an unqualified success. It is earning 9 percent on the investment, and affording admirable apartments to several thousand families at rentals of $9 to $10 a month a room. But these misstatements are only a starter for Mr. Doyle. He goes on to add that

> experts are agreed that you cannot build apartment houses today, with the requirements and improvements necessary under the tenement house law, on $30,000 lots to rent for less than $20 per room per month.

We should like to see these hand-picked private experts of Mr. Doyle's, whom he keeps down cellar in an empty barrel. His figures are absolutely contradicted by all the best-known authorities. They are agreed that it is possible to build, not only on $30,000 land but on $50,000 land, not only at $20 a room but at $12.50 a room. Even private operators, working without the benefit of land condemnation, and paying for their money the high rates of the commercial market, were able to offer 6 per cent of all new building in Manhattan at less than $20 a month in 1924. Most of this was undoubtedly on land costing well over $30,000 a lot.

MR. DOYLE'S real desire, of course, is that expressed editorially by the New York Evening Post when that paper said the other day that the thing to do with the housing problem in New York is to let it alone. Why should Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, living on his handsome estate outside Philadelphia, be concerned about conditions in the slums of New York? Why should the Real Estate Board interest itself in a movement to clean out the rotten tenements, when these rabbit-warrens return such high profits to their owners? We understand, and are not surprised at, the attitude of these gentlemen. We are only surprised that Mr. Doyle should be permitted to carry on the fight with arguments so childish that they fall apart the moment they are critically examined.

IT IS remarkable how careless of their scientific reputations "great engineers" sometimes are when testifying in behalf of private interests who employ them. For instance, Col. Hugh L. Cooper, described by the New York Times as the builder of the Wilson dam at Muscle Shoals and one of the foremost hydraulic engineers in the country, told the Water Power Commission of New York that the projected hydro-electric developments on the Niagara and St. Lawrence would cost twice as much if built by the state as if built by private enterprise. Upon looking for the supporting detail of this interesting prediction, one finds only the bland assertion that people working for a private employer work twice as efficiently as those working for the government. No instances, no records of unit cost, no account taken of cost of material, of interest paid on capital. No consideration of whether contractors are working on a cost-plus basis in a time of price inflation, war profiteering, labor shortage and high labor turnover, or for a governmentally established corporation free from bureaucratic restriction and allowed to make the best terms it can in a peacetime competitive market. Anyone who would make such an unsupported statement in behalf of the profit-seeking corporations who engage him to testify, secure in the knowledge that he will not be cross-questioned and that no engineers in the service of the public will be called to the stand, does not deserve to be called a great engineer or even an engineer, but merely a hired propagandist.

BY WAY of contrast we may note the letter from Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company, to Governor Smith. This company is one of those interested in the private concerns now applying for leases of Niagara and St. Lawrence power. Yet Mr. Young, after recording an objection to operation by public officials under bureaucratic restraints, proceeds to say of the Water Power Authority favored by the Governor, "The cost of energy developed from falling water is determined very largely by the cost of the capital employed in the development. A public corporation such as you propose, whose securities would be exempt from taxation under the federal law and under the state law, should produce, if properly set up, the required money substantially cheaper than a private corporation could obtain it." Mr. Young thinks the bonds of the corporation should be secured by its properties rather than by the general credit of the state. He continues, "I see no objection, but, on the contrary, I can see some advantages to the development of the great water powers on the St. Lawrence and in the

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gorge of Niagara by a public corporation rather than by a private corporation, and to the ownership of all lands, water rights, flowage, dams, power houses and structures by such a public corporation." Doubtless the General Electric Company is more directly interested in the sale of its machinery and equipment than in the profits to be obtained by the private constructing and operating companies with which it is affiliated. Nevertheless, Mr. Young has given evidence that candor and public spirit weigh more heavily with him than the prejudice or interest which would be natural to one in his position.

NEW YORK state now falls in line with a number of others which have reorganized their governments in the interest of efficiency and centralized executive responsibility. The State Reorganization Commission, headed by Charles Evans Hughes, has filed its report, which is approved in the main by the Democratic Governor Smith, and is certain to be passed without many changes by the Republican legislature. The existing 119 executives and administrative departments are sifted and consolidated into 18. Most of their heads are removed from legislative appointment or direct election and made responsible to the Governor, who is to have a four-year term. A form of executive budget is introduced. The history of this reform is interesting. First proposed by a Republican administration, it was defeated by the Democrats. Then Governor Smith sponsored it and made it an issue in the election by supporting the ratification of a constitutional amendment authorizing it. This amendment—although it had been passed by a Republican legislature—was opposed by the Republican machine in the election because Smith favored it. It was, nevertheless, ratified, and then the job of recommending legislation to carry it into effect was given to a commission headed by the Republican Hughes. Apparently there has been, and still is a competition to see which party shall have the credit for reorganization.

MR. HUGHES has settled one issue in Mr. Smith's favor by placing the water power authorities under the executive's control—as indeed he was bound to do under the general plan. This would destroy the authority of the present Water Power Commission to make leases for hydro-electric developments which the Governor does not approve. On the other hand, the report is opposed to Mr. Smith's program on New York transit control. The principal controversy in connection with the measure will concern the date of the Governor's election. At present it would fall in an off year; the Republicans want to have it coincide with the Presidential election on the theory that more Republican voters can be obtained then. Mr. Smith makes what seems to us the sound objection that the executive of so important a political unit as the state of New York should be elected on state, not on national issues.

Our Do-Nothing Government

THE Republican leaders in Washington propose to adjourn the present session of Congress, if possible, on or about May 1. They are not likely to succeed, but it is probable that by June 1 they will have ended for the time being their public labors. They have accomplished the all-important task for which they were elected. They have reduced the super-taxes and the federal estate tax and relieved great wealth of its exceptional contribution to the public treasury. Why waste any more time in Washington? There are no doubt certain other subjects, such as the relief of agriculture, the provision for railroad consolidation and coal which press for legislative action, but notwithstanding the pressure, it will be easier to postpone action than to undertake the effort of reaching a decision. The Republican party is divided in its opinions about agricultural relief, railroads and coal, and it is too well satisfied with itself and its prospects to wish to fight its differences out to a conclusion. As soon as its leaders in Congress can pass the appropriation bills, arrange for the future alienation of Muscle Shoals to Ford or some power corporation and ratify the settlement of the Italian debt, they will be eager and ready to adjourn. Under the Coolidge dispensation politics like finance is chiefly a matter of economy. When in doubt, don't take the trouble to do anything.

In pursuing the primrose path of evasion Mr. Coolidge and the Republicans are for the moment behaving as the majority of their fellow-countrymen wish them to behave. Progressives should not deceive themselves on this point. The country is passing through a period of moral inertia about disputed questions of public policy. The Republicans are not engaged in frustrating a popular demand for the reorganization of the railroads or of the coal industries. They are merely taking advantage of popular lethargy for the benefit of their business clients. They have nothing to fear from the Democrats. The latter cannot even pull themselves together sufficiently to wage war on their party opponents. The only political leader in the country, barring a few representatives from disaffected districts in the West, who seems capable of initiating progressive projects and putting a positive impulse behind them, is the well known Governor Smith of New York.

The American people have passed through several alternating periods of popular fermentation and effort, ending in a formative national decision, and of moral lethargy and drift. In the years between 1785 and 1800 they had to decide whether or not they would construct a National Union, and after a severe struggle and a lively popular discussion of the issue they chose the better part. There followed an era of "good feeling." In the years preceding 1860 they decided after a similar agitation and struggle to fight rather than to allow the

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Union to be broken and slavery perpetuated on American soil. The Civil War was succeeded by almost a generation of public lethargy. In the first years of the twentieth century it looked as if the American people, under the leadership of Bryan, Roosevelt, La Follette and Wilson, were making up their minds to neutralize the inequalities of wealth and power which were coming to dominate American political and social life, but on this occasion the conscious effort towards national improvement was checked. The European War intervened and divided American progressives into hostile camps. Its expiration left the American people emotionally and morally exhausted by efforts and sacrifices which they had been artificially stimulated into making for the benefit chiefly of their European associates. They have not been able since to pull themselves together for the accomplishment of any positive domestic purpose. They have for the moment lost contact with the social democratic idealism which is latent in their political tradition. They drug themselves with the idea that they are sliding downhill at the bidding of Manifest Destiny towards some Utopia of personal comfort.

Of course this period of inertia will also run its course and come to an end. Unappeased problems will gather behind the dam which the Republicans have erected against all progressive legislation. They will finally exercise sufficient pressure to compromise the safety of the barricade. Some successor to Bryan and Roosevelt who has gained the ear of the people will bunch the accumulated mass of legislative liabilities and take the stump with a popular progressive platform. In the meantime American public opinion will have recovered from the emotional exhaustion, the cynicism and the inertia which were induced by its sad adventure in Europe. The ordinary American will suddenly find himself tired of his own timidity and of the tedium of his recent behavior. Then, but not until then, will come a revival of progressive politics in America.

When the time does come for the revival of progressive political agitation, those American citizens who for one reason or another propose to bring it about will have to start from somewhere behind the line. Since the Republicans returned to power in 1921 the curve of development of progressive politics in America which was on the whole upward from 1868 to 1914 has been abruptly broken. Republican government since 1921 has not been merely conservative. It has been reactionary. The Republicans have not actually repealed much of the legislation which progressive leadership proposed and passed during its years of domination. Although they have written off the super-taxes and prepared the way for a practically complete repudiation in the future of the principle of graduating the rate of income and estate taxation, they have in other respects wisely avoided the revival of old controversies by a program of repeal. Nevertheless they have turned back the hands of American government. Roosevelt associated in the popular mind a progressive social aspiration with the American national consciousness. Mr. Coolidge and the Republicans have labored with great success to confuse and obscure this association.

The patriotic conscience of the American people is, under Mr. Coolidge's leadership, trying to banish the idea that it has an unsolved social problem on its hands. During the pioneer period good Americans believed that their inherited system of law and government had solved the social problem. By preserving their existing institutions substantially intact and by not interfering with the opportunities for self-assertion which it offered to individuals and to social groups, they would guarantee to the American people a career of uninterrupted individual prosperity and social progress. It required almost a generation of laborious progressive agitation to undermine the authority of this tradition and to arouse a popular demand for the reconsideration of their existing method of distributing social and economic power. Yet in 1914 it did look as if the progressives had succeeded in making the American people doubt whether the policy of encouraging and protecting to the limit the individual acquisition of wealth and economic power provided any sufficient solution of the social problem. What Mr. Coolidge has done during the last two years is to quiet any doubts which Bryan and Roosevelt may have instilled into the minds of the small-town Americans. They have ceased for the most part to be progressive. He has preached a creed which contained the old combination of optimism and fatalism with conservatism and the ordinary American has listened with an open mouth and has apparently swallowed it all.

Yet there are many farmers and urban workers who are not protesting but also are not completely convinced. Immediately underneath their superficial credulity is a much more genuine scepticism. The American people are, as a matter of fact, hesitating between two interpretations of their national fulfilment. They would like to believe, as Mr. Coolidge declares, that they are already living in a Utopia which it is their chief duty as patriotic citizens to preserve. That is the easy and comforting creed. Yet they realize vaguely that the new world is not the kind of Promised Land which the traditional Americans assumed. Many of them are newcomers and they do not share the deep-seated allegiance which native-born Americans are accustomed to feel for their inherited patriotic vision. The American voters of today are a fluid, impressionable, experimental and an incalculably moving mass. When their latent suspicions, resentments and unrest come to the surface, as they soon will, they will not be averse to treating all of Mr. Coolidge's gods with impious scorn.

In the meantime Mr. Coolidge is the official

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spokesman of the American people. His words are eulogistically reported by the press. The opposition to him is negligible in prestige and influence. No intelligent, persistent and effective progressive propaganda is now being carried on among the American people. Even the Hearst papers have become Coolidge apologists. Protected by a do-nothing government and by the popular acquiescence in the alleged Utopia, a great increase will take place during the next few years in the opportunities and rewards of rich men and organized business. In various ways the existing power of the American plutocracy will be enlarged and insured by additional legal, political fortifications which will be manned by able and numerous propagandists. But unfortunately its leaders will neglect the only trustworthy source of safety for a ruling class, and its weakness in this respect is betrayed by the eagerness of the present Congress to adjourn with so much of its work still undone. It does not possess the moral energy and insight to cure its own admitted abuses, and it will, consequently, encourage the organization of an equally hard-boiled opposition, which will come from those American citizens who do not continue to share in the benefits of the Coolidge Utopia. This new progressivism when it comes will not bear much resemblance to the old. It will express the resentment of disaffected economic classes whose physical well-being has been compromised by a decline in general prosperity rather than the patriotic reforming enthusiasm of a body of partly disinterested voters.

Muscle Shoals Again

DURING the War the United States government planned and started building a great dam, a hydro-electric plant, two plants for the fixation of nitrogen from the air and a supplementary steam plant, at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. The development is now almost completed. Its cost is nearly $150,000,000. It comprises the greatest single power development in the United States south of the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers and east of the Mississippi. Its 874,000 horse-power, capable of delivering from two to three billion kilowatt-hours of electric energy per year, holds possibilities of valuable service for manufacturers and householders of the South.

In 1924 Henry Ford made a bid for the property of less than 6 cents on the dollar, on a lease to last a century. He aroused support for the project by the plea that he was going to make cheap fertilizer for the farmers. This project, embodied in a bill known as H. R. 518, was exposed, ridiculed and defeated in the Senate. It was shown that the bid was ridiculously low. It was demonstrated that the process of nitrate manufacture had developed so far since the plant was started that the sale of power would be certain to outshadow its use in the nitrate plants, if, indeed, these plants could be kept in commercial operation at all. When, after kaleidoscopic changes, the bill was amended so as to require the manufacture of a certain large quantity of nitrate, the House rejected it and Ford withdrew his bid. Thus was punctured the cheap fertilizer bubble.

Now there comes up in the Senate a Concurrent Resolution, No. 4, passed early in the present session by the House. It directs a joint committee of Congress to negotiate a lease for Muscle Shoals on a basis which disregards the progress so far made, in the following respects:

1. The lease is to be "for the production of nitrate primarily and incidentally for power purposes." It thus makes possible again the old publicity trick by which a private interest, on the fertilizer pretense, may get cheap control of valuable power.

2. The only safeguard or standard set up is the absurd one that the terms, "so far as possible, shall provide benefits to the government and to agriculture equal to or greater than those set forth in H. R. 518"—the old bill shown up and rejected. The sole improvement is that the lease is to be for 50 instead of 100 years.

3. The Committee shall report its findings and recommendations not later than April 1, 1926. After this brief consideration, the argument will undoubtedly be made that Congress is morally bound to accept the best bid received.

This is intrinsically a silly proposal, but its most damaging implication is that it closes the door on government operation. The Commission of Inquiry to which the matter was referred after the failure of H. R. 518 has reported that certain high standards for the lease should be set up, that no bid so far received has met those standards, and that if none such should be received within ninety days, government operation should be undertaken. The government has already taken the initiative in constructing the plant; operation would be a comparatively simple matter. Even as to fertilizer methods, the governmental research agency is taking the lead. The government is now operating that part of the plant which is finished, and is selling the power. The administration measure for the Boulder dam development in the Southwest — an even larger and more important instalment — provides for governmental operation. Secretary Work estimates that the return on that project would be sufficient to retire the cost in twenty-five years. If retained in public hands, Muscle Shoals would be a means of checking up on private power developments and would exert a restraining influence on the tendency of regulating commissions to allow them extravagant profits. If Resolution No. 4 is now hurried through in the hope that no one will notice it, the public should rub its eyes and protest loudly before April 1.

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Exit the Freshman and Sophomore

THE Johns Hopkins University is fortunately not unique in the panorama of American higher education. From its inception it was intended to promote advanced study and research, particularly the work of graduate departments; but so also was the University of Chicago. In this work it was a pioneer; but so also was Harvard under President Eliot. But if Hopkins has not been alone it has had few equals and, in its chosen lines, no peers. In medicine, especially, and the related sciences, Johns Hopkins has ever since its founding ranked among the greatest schools in the world. Those thousands of readers who have recently been renewing their acquaintance with Sir William Osler will recollect that his principal achievements were scored in Baltimore. The fifty years that have elapsed since the inauguration of President Gilman have borne rich fruits.

That the Trustees should select the occasion of the semi-centennial of the first inauguration for a reconsecration of their university to advanced study is highly appropriate. At various times in the past we have heard rumors. It has been announced that certain plans have been under consideration. The President has made certain recommendations. Now, however, we are presented with definite intentions: so soon as funds permit, and all obligations to present students (and perhaps teachers) have been fulfilled, the University will drop the first two years of college work, will cease giving any bachelor's degree, and will enter upon a program of assimilating the two later years of college to the graduate curriculum leading to master's and doctor's degrees. A resolution to this effect has been adopted and spread upon their minutes by the Board of Trustees. Action will commence at once. As $6,000,000 will be required to put the plan in full operation it may nevertheless be some time before we are privileged to observe the result.

Of the advantage of the change to Johns Hopkins and, as an experiment, to higher education generally, we have no doubt. Our universities are most notable for the work of their maturer students. This is partly owing to the efforts of Gilman and Eliot and the other pioneers; it is also the natural fruit of youth and novelty. The college tradition is much older in America, and much less flexible. Perhaps the best way to reform it is to abandon the colleges to their Athletic Committees, and reorganize education around the graduate school. Those who have tried to rejuvenate old colleges are likely to think so, at all events. In such a reorganization new divisions would almost certainly appear, and old ones might close up. For many years a natural breach has been developing between the first two years of college study and the later two. The earlier years have become more and more the repositories of "required" courses, work of drill and preparation for the revelations to come. The elective system has been allowed freest play in the later years. It is in these years that the serious student has found whatever opportunity offered for the development of his intellectual interests. Not infrequently adventures in learning begun here have led directly on into graduate study. Seniors mingle freely with graduates, perhaps even pooling their collegiate and graduate credits. For such men the bachelor's degree has already lost its meaning.

These are the men, of course, for whom the Hopkins plan is intended. It will be a godsend for them. Their years of preparation will be over. At once they will be treated as advanced students, and will be freed, no doubt, from most of the petty observances by which the undergraduate's life is usually ruled. They will also be freed from the incubus of laggard classmates and the tirelessly officious sporting alumni who can never understand that most men lose interest in "college life" and all its appurtenances before the end of their sophomore year. It will be very surprising if they do not develop a maturity and breadth of scholarship noticeably beyond the attainments of their contemporaries in other institutions, especially in such an atmosphere of ideas as Johns Hopkins will provide.

But what will become of the freshmen and sophomores? When this question is asked the Johns Hopkins plan immediately appears in the character not of pioneering but of fairly obvious specialization. The situation has changed during these fifty years. Then decent graduate instruction was an unknown quantity; now decent collegiate work is almost mythological. Then Johns Hopkins, eschewing the obvious, cut its way into virgin forest. Now it is cherishing its established achievements, setting high and thorny fences around its well cleared pastures, and leaving the exhausted soil of the college —the great outstanding problem in educational irrigation—to other and more adventurous institutions. When a preliminary announcement of this plan was made a year or so ago, we warned our readers that if the universities drop the college, they practically abandon collegiate instruction to the high schools. Our warning has been borne out. This, it seems, is what the trustees of Johns Hopkins expect—with equanimity. "In response to these conditions," they say in their definitive resolution, "there have been organized since 1910 approximately 200 junior colleges which cover the work of the first two years of college. Many of them are connected with high schools, and give promise of relieving the universities of a large number of students and of lessening the burden now placed on university faculties." Indeed!

Now it is impossible for anyone, who cares more about education than he does about relieving any single institution of burdens, to regard this situation with equanimity. In general it is fair to say that our secondary education is our worst bet,

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the kindergarten and the graduate school sharing the honors of the best. The kindergarten is excellent because at that age children are too young to be forced; they appeal to the imagination as children, and oblige us to let them be; and anyhow the Froebels and Pestalozzis and Montessoris have shamed us into some show of humanity. The graduate school is also excellent, because there students are adults and can no longer be compelled and prepared: they have arrived, and we have to give them straight stuff; and besides—Johns Hopkins! But secondary education remains in limbo. Or purgatory, for after all, the conditions under which it is conducted have been laid down by the universities through their college entrance examination boards. The nemesis of secondary education has been college preparation: forced cramming to meet formal conditions set by other and higher institutions in which the secondary teachers have had no representation. True, junior colleges have sprung up, and as extensions of the best high schools. But their germination has been fostered primarily as a relief to the high schools, not with the idea of rescuing the colleges. The effect of their growth has doubtless been good—for the high schools. But are these junior colleges an improvement on the work of the first two years of college or university? We invite the trustees of Johns Hopkins to reply.

The junior colleges do not deserve to be condemned, of course, because of their parentage. In a democracy everyone is entitled to a chance. But does the university propose to see that they get that chance? On the contrary. Nothing in the new proposal is clearer than the intention of the university to regard not only high school but now junior college as a drilling ground for the university. We cannot believe that Johns Hopkins intends to accept any and all who have attained junior collegiate standing in any sort of college. On the contrary, it will be highly selective. It is dropping its lower classes with the frank avowal that they are preparatory, and it will institute tests which will hold the trainers and crammers of the lower schools up to a rigid standard—a far more rigid one, needless to say, than college entrance boards have ever dared enforce. Such will be the contribution of the university to collegiate education.

Notwithstanding just criticism, there is one thing to be said for the colleges with all their skulls and bones and football bowls. They do provide leisure for students to recover from the effects of secondary education. No doubt they are soft. But their softness does permit the better men to browse, to look around, to come to the realization that the intellectual life is not attained by regimentation, to acquire interests of their own, and of their own volition to prepare to follow them. No one who has observed the life of colleges from the inside can doubt that this is a good thing. More than that: it is indispensable. Granted that the lower schools are cadet corps (as the new plan more than ever intends them to be): it follows either that students are to go on through their advanced research as good little robots, or that they will require some period of readjustment. If the university shunts its underclassmen down to the secondary junior college, it will be faced with this alternative. Either the junior and senior years will have to perform the service of the college, or the graduate schools will become machines, automatic manufacturers, closed corporations of research, turning out a standardized product labelled by department heads: none genuine without this signature!

But as a matter of fact, we do not believe for a minute that the authorities of Johns Hopkins actually contemplate recruiting their super-university from junior colleges. They expect to build a graduate school that will attract the cream of the underclassmen from the best existing institutions, from Harvard and Cornell, from Dartmouth and Williams and perhaps Bryn Mawr. They certainly will not exclude transfers from these institutions; and if they do not, but select the best hundreds by competitive examination, the junior college product will have hard sledding to get honorable mention and encouragement to try again. They do not announce this fact because under the American prejudice against polygamy in Alma Maters it is regarded as piracy on the high seas to attract students away from their first love. Furthermore, to take students from Columbia and Michigan does somehow put a crimp into the argument that collegiate education is best undertaken by the lower schools.

This does not mean that collegiate education cannot be done better than existing colleges and universities do it. But neither does that possibility mean that it will be done better by high schools. The one thing sure is that it needs to be done by men specially qualified to do it, by men who will treat it neither as a burden of drill nor as a blessed release from college entrance grinding, but as it is—a unique episode in our educational life. Johns Hopkins proposes to avoid this issue. But perhaps by doing so it will drop its freshmen and sophomores with a severe thud upon the educational conscience of the nation.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Golden Rule Nash

THE story of How Golden Rule Nash Came to the Union is not an ordinary story of a union, an employer and wage earners. It is a story which must be told chiefly for its own sake, and for the uncommon mixture of skill, sincerity, shrewdness and evangelism which it presents. The scene is Cincinnati, that featureless hive of miscellaneous industry which calls itself Queen City, a city comparatively untouched by the immigration of foreign labor, stolid, slow-growing, dingy, full of hard, homely faces, and spiritually just on the fringe of the great belt where a hell-fire religion is still believed in. The protagonists are three: about two thousand factory hands, two-thirds of them women, the most intelligent labor union in the country, and one of the most curious personalities in American industry.

Mr. Arthur Nash is about fifty-five years old. He was brought up a Seventh Day Adventist, and for a long while believed (in his own words) that "all churches, save only the Seventh Day Adventist, constitute Babylon and are spurned of God," and that at the second coming of Christ "only one hundred and forty-four thousand of all people then living on this earth will be saved"—all of them Seventh Day Adventists. In those days Mr. Nash could instantly detect any misquotation of a passage from the King James version of the New Testament. Suddenly he lost his faith, was thrown out of the church, turned to the atheists, drank deep of Bob Ingersoll and Tom Paine "in order to bolster up my contempt for religion." He became a hobo, hopped on and off freight trains, worked as a hod carrier, a plasterer, in a broom factory, with a bridge construction gang, opened a laundry business in Detroit. The church people began to give their business to his laundry, and not long afterward religion returned into the soul of Mr. Nash. He became a minister in the Disciples of Christ. Once again, as the result of preaching a eulogistic memorial sermon for an unbeliever, he was cast out. He took a job selling clothes; "it took but a short time to demonstrate the fact that I was a far better salesman than preacher." In June, 1916, the A. Nash Tailoring Company was organized, with a capital of $60,000. In 1918 Mr. Nash bought up one of his contracting garment makers, the wages in whose shop (a shop running at full capacity) were from $4 a week up, and not very far up. Mr. Nash increased them 300 percent all around. Not long afterward he discovered that the shop was turning out three times as much clothing as before. What had happened? The Golden Rule had been reborn, and made concretely manifest to the employes. Mr. Nash had told them, as he raised their wages, that he wanted them to work just as they would want him to work if they were in the office paying the wages, and he were in the shop making the clothes.

The Golden Rule worked. It has, to believe Mr. Nash, been working ever since, though there is no doubt that it has had several useful allies. From whatever cause, the business grew and grew. In one year it tripled; from 1919 to 1920 it tripled again, and again in 1923, and from 1923 to 1925, once more it tripled. This year it bids fair to come close to twenty million dollars. Only two or three clothing manufacturers have a larger output, in volume or in units.

A word as to the Nash product. It is a durable, reasonably good looking suit of clothes, cut and sewed in the factory to your measure, for exactly twenty-three dollars, and shipped to you, C. O. D., wherever you are in the United States. It is just as good as a lot of suits for which you will be asked to pay from thirty to forty dollars by the average retailer. Fifty-five percent of the twenty-three dollars you pay is for the actual cost of the woolen material and the trimmings, another 20 percent is for the cost of the labor, and the rest is distributed among overhead, administrative and selling costs, the salesman's commission and the small margin of profit. The suit is cheap because the manufacturing cost, being spread over many hundred thousands of suits in a factory operating somewhat after the Ford plan, is unusually low, but chiefly because the huge items of advertising, high-powered salesmen and profit to the retailer are completely eliminated. Each Nash salesman, of whom there are about two thousand scattered over the country, gets his sample case and $3.50 for every suit he sells, and not a cent more. These men are not salesmen in the usual sense; they do not "cover territory" in Pullmans and hand in expense accounts. They sell suits within a few dozen miles of where they live, to their friends and acquaintances; they are generally the kind of people who are content to pick up a smallish income, and a great many of them sell the Nash Line only in their spare time, being regularly devoted to some other calling. No group of men could be found better able to extend their religious zeal up to and beyond that point where "all these other things shall be added unto you." They sincerely feel that in selling suits made according to the Golden Rule they are bringing the kingdom nearer. Mr. Nash, it must be pointed out, is in no danger of letting their zeal die out for lack of fuel. His energy is duly reflected in their loyalty, and something of his philosophy in the "Nashional songs" they sing when assembled in convention. This stanza from Take Out the Nash Line, "respectfully dedicated to Mr. Otis Brown, manager of the Philadelphia branch," was sung on July 6, 1925, to the tune of Throw Out the Life Line:

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> Take out the Nash line, go see the last man,
> Tell 'em and sell 'em wherever you can,
> The Golden Rule first, the clothes will sell, too,
> And money and friends you will make if you do.

In what did this Golden Rule consist, at its face value as reported by Mr. Nash himself and his many friends, employes and ministers of the Gospel? The employes were supposed to be getting wages higher than usual in Christian America. They were enslaved to no time-clock, and were not fined for lateness. They were said to work from thirty-four to forty-four hours a week. We have Mr. Nash's word for it that they owned pretty nearly half of the company's million dollars' worth of stock. They were made to feel that they had the right to express themselves about their jobs at any time. Meetings of the whole plant were frequently called, by Mr. Nash, the foremen and even the workers themselves. When Mr. Nash spoke to them he called them Brother and Sister. There was no union; there seemed to be no need for one. There was not even a company union, unless in spirit, and it would be more accurate to describe whatever loose organization existed as something between a family union and a congregation. The employes seemed contented with no more formal understanding between themselves and their employer than a reiteration of Matthew VII:12: Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them: for this is the law and the prophets. Mr. Nash made his Golden Rule, and also his factory and his clothes, famous all over the country through countless speeches and trips of his own and through generous free advertising afforded him by the news value of his experiment.

The first sight of the interior of the A. Nash Tailoring Company, about equally divided between the vast carcasses of the former Joe Magnus Whiskey Distillery and what used to be the Moerlein Brewery, is depressing. One looks about for concrete evidence of the Golden Rule. One watches in vain for that expression on the faces of the men and women bent furiously over sewing machines and steam presses which Mr. Nash describes as happy. The coats, vests, pants and overcoats travel through the various assembling processes with an inexorable gait which reminds one of the Ford plant. Everywhere is speed, hurry, crowded elbows, clothes, clothes, more clothes piling up. It is a sight to be found in most factories where large scale production is carried on. It does not strike one as different from or much better than the average, but it is not necessarily worse. To a superficial and untrained eye such a hasty glimpse amounts to little more than an impression, and more is to be learned from a closer look at Mr. Nash himself than from the factory.

Arthur Nash is a sturdy, whitehaired, pink-cheeked, self-made man, with an eye at once piercing and far-away, and great powers of fiery speech. He subdues you with a bluff fervor that passes quickly from religion to cost accounting, and back again. He is an intense, and often seductive evangelist, for whom religion is not a private or intimate matter, but a public battle, requiring vocal passion, platforms, slogans, travel and organization. The preacher in him dominates—not one of your bland, sotto voce valets of the Lord's attire upon earth, but a good old-fashioned belligerent camp-meeting revivalist, uproariously eloquent and afraid of nothing. Beside his desk are a few books—for books have not meant much in his life, his education having been religion—an Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible, the Handbook of the Western Methodist Conference, the Koran, and Paul Douglas on Wages and the Family. His words are direct, rough-hewn, downright, often picturesque, with a kind of camp-meeting frenzy and exaggeration. He can command effects which would do credit to any United States Senator. But there is nothing pompous about him, nothing of the ordinary employer. The blood which ran hot when he was a hobo, when he was organizing the Plasterer's Union into the Knights of Labor still beats within him; in many, but not all, corners of his heart he has remained, in the best sense, a common man. He seems not only genuinely, but at times ferociously, to believe that labor is paramount to capital. He has been known to give, by his single-handed powers of speech, great aid to labor organizations in different parts of the country. He has stopped strikes which he stumbled across while on tour, he has refused help to other employers whose men were out. Once, he recalls "a big square-toed detective came to my plant looking for Bolsheviki. 'Stop right here,' I said, 'I'm the Bolshevik. The only discontented spirit in the place is right here in this office.' " He exclaims: "I don't see any place I can build the Utopia of the Man of Galilee except in the Labor Movement." He is given to sudden, broad-minded impulses: he has on several occasions taken criminals, or the relatives of criminals to whom no one else would give a job, into his employ; he has subscribed large sums to establish a sort of Y. M. C. A. for young Turks in Turkey, not in order to Christianize them, but "to make better Turks out of them." And with all this, he is extraordinarily shrewd. He knows his business, and he knows that the kind of reputation he and his factory have acquired help to sell clothes.

Why, it was asked, since he believes so much in the rights of labor, why doesn't Mr. Nash allow his employes to become organized? For several years the Amalgamated Clothing Workers had had their eye on Mr. Nash and his two thousand employes. His was one of the last large plants remaining outside the union. Now the Amalgamated is the only union that has thought out an industrial policy as well as the simpler matters of the technique of organization, how and when to strike, wages scales

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and hours. It believes that the health of the union and the welfare of its members depend upon the health of the industry as a whole. It has built up a delicate, complicated, flexible and powerful mechanism within the industry whereby, instead of the usual union procedure of periodic demands and complete lack of contact in between times, difficulties are dealt with as they arise, and before they arise. It has usually managed to raise wages and cut down labor costs simultaneously. It could present Mr. Nash with a great many good reasons why he should allow his factory to be organized.

An employer who thinks that his own factory is an example of Christian equality to the rest of the country, and who is told as much on all sides, is not likely to embrace union organization at once, if at all, even though, as in Mr. Nash's case, a feeling for union labor be rooted strong in his own past. For several years past Mr. Nash had been discussing the possibility with the union's President, Sidney Hillman, now hospitably, now doubtfully. In the meanwhile Amalgamated organizers had been at work trying to sign up the Nash workers piece-meal, from the outside, according to the usual trade union tactics. In the course of this campaign, while Mr. Nash and Mr. Hillman seemed on the point of reaching a preliminary agreement, some pamphlets were issued by the local organizers attacking Mr. Nash and the failure of his vaunted Golden Rule to square with conditions as they existed in the plant. The Nash employes, so we are told, objected violently to the pamphlets, objected to the Amalgamated, and a petition was circulated, and adopted by the employes, calling on Mr. Nash to discharge any of themselves who joined the union thereafter. Mr. Nash tearfully pleaded with them, said that he could not thus let down his friend Sidney Hillman, but all bets were off.

Mr. Nash is sensitive to the opinion of others. One of his sharpest impressions, and one that surely has had enormous effect on his dealings with the Union was received as the result of a speech he made to a large convention of business men in explanation of the workings of his Golden Rule. A business man congratulated him and proposed a "rising vote of thanks for the greatest scheme of defeating Union Labor ever seen." This stung Mr. Nash deeply. And Mr. Nash was profoundly affected when a religious conference meeting at Olivet, Michigan, in July of last year, numbering many of his religious friends and supporters was persuaded, though with difficulty, upon detailed evidence submitted as to the conditions in the Nash plant, to adopt a resolution calling for an investigation.

The upshot was that Mr. Nash, after considering the possibilities of the fossil counterpart of the Amalgamated within the A. F. of L., the United Garment Workers, made known his readiness to be unionized. A dramatic meeting was held before practically all the employes in a Cincinnati theatre. The employes were evidently against joining the union, and many of them came marching in wearing buttons labelled Don't Give up the Rule. A violent speech by one of the company's vice-presidents made the opposition even stronger. Mr. Sidney Hillman presented the case for the union. At last Mr. Nash himself, facing what he felt to be overwhelming opposition, with true revivalist zeal and more than common courage turned the tables into a majority for joining the Amalgamated. In December the decision was formally ratified, this time unanimously. An agreement was drafted similar to all other agreements arrived at between the Amalgamated and employers. Mr. Nash accepted it without question, even requesting, on his own initiative, that a clause for unemployment insurance be inserted. The battle was won, and all the Nash employes are members of the Amalgamated, with the exception of a bare handful of Seventh Day Adventists whose creed does not allow them to join a labor organization.

Never before was a plant similarly organized. But then there is no labor union as patient or as shrewd as the Amalgamated, and, above all, there never was anyone exactly like Arthur Nash. Having been in the throes of uncertainty, having advanced and retreated and delayed, now that at last he is in, he is in way over his ears, enthusiastically, militantly, in a glorious splash of total immersion. To hear him and Sidney Hillman on the improvised platform in the coat shop, surrounded by sewing machines, basted garments, and upturned, rather puzzled faces, one would take him rather than Hillman for the labor leader, so fiery is his evangelism, so wholehearted and bitter his attack upon the coal barons, so molten his allegiance to unionism.

Those upturned faces, weary and silent and good-natured—what is their feeling at being plunged wholesale into as strange a thing to them as a union? When they didn't understand it they feared and rejected it, particularly when Mr. Nash was lukewarm himself; when he suddenly became ardent, they could not change all at once, but when they came around under his spell, they came around, to all appearances, completely. Now that they are union members, do they accept it? Probably not altogether. There is still too much to be learned.

The spectacular part of the meeting between Mr. Nash and the Amalgamated is over, the hard work begins. The work of making the employes understand what kind of a union it is, and what it is for; the more difficult work of fitting Golden Rule standards and conditions with union wages, union conditions, a slow, a diplomatic, and an unending job.

What happens from now on among the Nash employes, and to Mr. Nash, will be less dramatic than the prologue, less visible to the eye, but the most interesting part of it all. Chapter One is being written now.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Canada and Locarno

WHEN the Treaty of Locarno was signed, mournful prophecies were uttered by intelligent students of the problem of the British Commonwealth like Mr. Richard Jebb, that it would inevitably involve a serious strain upon its diplomatic unity, and unless forecasts now appearing in the government press of Canada are incorrect, their fears are likely to be realized. Apparently the King government, if it survives the steady onslaught now directed against it by the Conservatives, intends to submit this month to Parliament a resolution which will specifically dissociate Canada from all responsibility for the Treaty of Locarno, and possibly also assert the principle that the Dominion should be committed to no territorial guarantees in Europe, except such as are involved in its adherence to the covenant of the League of Nations.

In the negotiations precedent to the Locarno Treaty the British Dominions did not participate, although the British Foreign Office followed its usual procedure of furnishing their governments with full and regular information of the course of events. When challenged in the British House of Commons about the lack of Dominion representation at Locarno, Sir Austen Chamberlain offered the unconvincing excuse that the need for immediate action had left inadequate time for the steps necessary to secure it, but when it is recalled that at the Interallied Conference upon the Dawes report the violent protests of the Canadian government forced Mr. Ramsay Macdonald to concede the Dominions one of the three places on the British panel, the suspicion must arise that if some of the Dominions had not signified their unwillingness to become involved in the negotiations, their representatives would have been invited.

In their absence, however, it was expressly provided by Article Nine of the Treaty signed by Britain that it imposed no obligations upon any British Dominion or India unless their governments directly signified acceptance thereof. It was open to the King government to follow the precedents established by Sir Robert Borden at Paris, when he secured exemption for his country from the responsibilities of the tripartite guarantee of the Rhine frontier, and by Mr. Mackenzie King when he declined to submit the Treaty of Lausanne for endorsation by the Parliament of Canada. But in the present case the rôle of passive disclaimer evidently does not satisfy the Liberal Ministry; it proposes to proclaim to the world a sharp divergence of opinion between Britain and the most important British Dominion in respect to a very vital issue of foreign policy.

Normally the Conservative Opposition, which is in a confident and militant mood, could have been expected to offer strenuous opposition to the proposed policy of the Liberals, but domestic political considerations are likely to operate as a restraint. The Conservatives, at the general election on October 29, made very substantial gains but the general impression is that they have reached the high-water mark of possible success in the English-speaking provinces and that their only hopes of a clear majority at the second election, which is generally regarded as inevitable before this year ends, lies in appeasing the persistent prejudice of the French-Canadian race against Conservatism for its wartime record and Imperialist proclivities.

Since the general election Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader, has played what must be regarded as his trump card for the placation of Quebec by the promulgation of a completely new policy in regard to the issues of peace and war; he has solemnly pledged himself that, if an imminent war found his party in power, preliminary preparations might be undertaken but no Canadian troops would be despatched overseas until the will of the electorate was ascertained by the formal procedure of a general election. It is yet too early to appraise the reactions of French-Canada to this bold political gesture; it was vigorously condemned by the most powerful Conservative paper in Canada, but the Conservative party as a whole acquiesced in it from the belief that the ejection of the Liberal party from office transcended all other considerations and the same motive will now operate to check any serious opposition to the Liberal policy about Locarno. Indeed the opposition scent in the proposed resolution a deliberate trap to provoke a debate in which Conservative criticisms of an isolationist policy would provide the Liberals with material for charges that Mr. Meighen and his friends were still unrepentant Imperialists and prepared to drag Canada once more into the vortex of Europe's feuds, and thereby diminish the chance that the new policy of a pre-war general election would yield the Conservatives any increment of support in Quebec.

Therefore the Conservative party is likely to go no further than suggest that the policy of the government is ungenerous and that the proper course was to signify in secret despatches Canada's inability to accept the Treaty and refrain from courting the publicity of a parliamentary debate. But the passage of the resolution will leave a strange state of affairs, for King George V as the chief executive of Britain will be committed to the maintenance, by acts of war if necessary, of the existing frontiers between France, Germany and Britain and as the chief executive of Canada, he will be immune from all responsibility for them.

Here has arrived the climax of the strange and persistent cowardice which the politicians of the British Commonwealth have shown in their failure

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to regularize its domestic relations. At the Conference of 1917 when it was plain that the Dominions had won a new political status it was agreed that as soon as possible after peace came a special constitutional conference should be held to adjust the internal arrangements of the Commonwealth. But when the Conference of 1921 came round, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, fearful of adverse effects upon their own political fortunes, conspired to shelve the special conference and no one else has had the courage to revive the project. Pious resolutions were passed at both the Conferences of 1921 and 1923 about the need for common foreign policy, but it cannot be secured without the provision of adequate machinery for consultation and coöperation, and the machinery cannot be established until the existing constitutional arrangements are revised.

In the absence of adequate machinery for coöperative consultation, there are recurring episodes of friction and the process of friendly disintegration of the Commonwealth goes on. British Imperialists fume and rage and wonder why the Conservative government of Mr. Baldwin does nothing to cure the situation; alas, they fail to realize that a British Conservative government is more impotent for this purpose than any other because the Dominions besides containing elements like the French-Canadians and the South African Dutch who have suffered at the hands of British Imperialism are settled largely by people disposed to associate British Toryism with social and economic disabilities from which either they themselves or their fathers fled and therefore are extraordinarily suspicious of any policies propounded by British Tory politicians. Meanwhile suggestions have been coming from Downing Street that a special Imperial Conference should be held this year to discuss the Locarno Treaty and its implications for the Commonwealth, but the Canadian government evidently intends to forestall this move. Yet obviously Canada cannot go on indefinitely running in and out of the Commonwealth at her own caprice, and truth to tell there is more respect in Britain for Mr. Bourassa who frankly advocates Canadian independence than for statesmen who forbid the sale of Liberty in Canada on account of obnoxious references to the British Royal family, but thwart all practical plans for a coöperative foreign policy for the Commonwealth.

J. A. STEVENSON.

Ottawa.

Al Smith: New Yorker

The Past and Future of the Boy from the East Side

WILL Alfred E. Smith be the next President of the United States? The odds against it are, in my judgment, about 98 to 2.

Will he be the next Presidential candidate of the Democratic party? No: 85 to 15.

Will he defeat and succeed the Honorable Jimmie Wadsworth as U. S. Senator? No: 80 to 20.

Will he succeed himself as Governor of New York? Yes: 70 to 30.

In making the foregoing estimates, the writer is not trying to set up as a seer—or as a bookmaker. His opinions are not based on second sight, but on a consideration of the facts.

The first of these statements he makes with real regret. Alfred E. Smith is one of the two most interesting personalities in American public life. In character, intelligence, driving vigor, he ranks very high on the list of public men throughout our whole history. If Presidents of the United States were chosen on a basis of sheer competency, he would be one of whom it would be safe to say that sooner or later he would without question come to occupy the White House.

But Presidents are not chosen that way. They are chosen for certain qualities some of which have nothing to do with their fitness to govern while others are in fact incompatible with it. Smith has several disqualifications none of which is any reflection upon his abilities. He is a Democrat, and the Democrats are now, as they have been ever since the Civil War, a minority party which can win an election only when all the luck happens to break in their favor. More than that, he is a member of one of two groups in the Democratic party which hate each other far more fiercely than they hate their alleged common foe, the Republicans. He belongs to the Northern, urban, liberal, anti-prohibition element in the Democracy; and has opposed to him the solid South which remains prohibitionist, rural and conservative. He is a member, a good and loyal member, of Tammany Hall; and Tammany is feared and hated throughout the country. It is still thought of, in the West and South, in terms of Tweed, Croker and the Nast cartoons. To a considerable extent, this opinion is unfair. There actually is a New Tammany which has shed many of the sins of a previous generation; but Tammany is one of the worst-advertised organizations in the country; its leaders are still years behind the times, in their lack of publicity sense,

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and the old reputation yet prevails. Finally, Smith is a Roman Catholic. The tides of religious prejudice are running so strongly in this country that undoubtedly many thousands of Protestant Democrats would vote for Coolidge as the unpalatable but preferable alternative to supporting Smith. It is true that the latter might get some votes from Republican Roman Catholics, but since there are only 18,600,000 persons of that faith in the entire country, it is overwhelmingly unlikely that he could be elected.

And in any case, he probably could not be nominated. As everyone knows, the Democratic convention of 1924 ran aground and split on the rock of the Smith-McAdoo quarrel—which was also a North-South wet-dry quarrel and to some degree a Roman Catholic-Ku Klux quarrel—and threw away its slender chance of victory by compromising on a handsome Wall Street lawyer. Political wiseacres are unanimous in believing that McAdoo is just as much in the race for 1928 as he ever was in 1924. Even if he cannot himself be nominated, he will retain the veto power. And you may rest assured that the one person against whom he will be most grimly determined to exercise that veto power is New York's darling Al.

Nevertheless, a miracle might happen. If a great issue arose in this country of which Al Smith could make himself the protagonist, all the barbed-wire fences might melt away as though under an acetylene torch. Because Al has that miracle in the back of his mind, he will not, I think, run for the Senate. The Senate is a poor springboard for a Presidential candidate. Much better to remain Governor of New York (which he can of course do if he wants to) or just be plain Al Smith, earning $150,000 a year in the trucking business in New York City. After all, the boy from the East Side knows his limitations better than anyone else. As Governor he is a success shining in the eyes of all men. As Senator he would be on new, untried and dangerous ground. He would have to deal with unfamiliar issues—foreign affairs, of which he knows nothing; national affairs of which he knows as yet next to nothing. He has outlived the politician's itch to hold office for its own sake, and to him, in his private capacity, $12,000 a year is only pin money. Therefore, as the cards now run, it will be Albany or nothing, during 1927-28.

Which? He has announced, to be sure, his firm intention to retire to private life when his present term ends on December 31, 1926. I take it for granted that he meant what he said. Yet there are circumstances under which he would certainly reconsider his decision. Those circumstances the Republican legislature at Albany is at present doing its best to bring into being.

Governor Smith is passionately interested—I choose the adjective with deliberation—in the reorganization of the state government on a greatly simplified, businesslike basis. He has fought for it unremittingly ever since the beginning of his first term in 1918. Last fall he stumped the state for a Constitutional Amendment to make it possible, and was successful. The Commission to study the matter, provided under the terms of that amendment, is about to make its report as these lines are written. There is a good chance that the reorganization will eventually be accomplished; but no more than a start can be made in the ten months remaining of Governor Smith's present term. Also, the chance that he will be able to get it accepted by the Republican state legislature is far greater if he stays than if he goes.

He wants very much to see the housing problem solved for the people of New York state, along the lines suggested in his message to the legislature: the creation of limited dividend corporations to build on a large scale groups of properly designed houses with funds to be borrowed in part from a state bank, authorized to issue for that purpose tax-exempt bonds. This means a long, hard fight; and it has just begun.

Again, he is deeply concerned over the future of the water power resources of the state. At the present time a Republican water power commission is with indecent haste seeking to give away these resources for the next fifty years to various private interests. These include a subsidiary corporation of the all-powerful Mellon interests, and a group headed by a former Speaker of the State Assembly. That Smith will be able to get this problem solved in another ten months seems unlikely. Most men, if they wanted to retire to private life as sincerely as does this Governor, would abandon the battles. Smith cannot. He cares about the reforms for which he has been working as he cares about nothing else which is in any way concerned with the public aspects of his career. To explain why that is so I must describe the character of the man, the real figure behind the reputation; and I can best begin with a few words of biographical data.

II

Alfred E. Smith did not spring full-armed from the head of Jove. He has reached his present position not only of high office but of high respect, as the climax of a long struggle upward, some parts of which are, to put it tactfully, far less worthy of emulation than others. He has been on the public payroll continuously except during one short interval, for twenty-three years past. He is fifty-three, so that one can see that he acquired the habit rather early in life.

As most people are now aware, he is another exemplar of the tried-and-true American formula of the self-made man. His father was a truckman; and he was born in a house which now stands under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, the building of which coincided with the first ten years of young Alfred's existence. He sold newspapers on the streets from the age of nine; and for seven years,

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beginning when he was fourteen, he worked in the Fulton fish market. However, let no one shed any sentimental tears over the unhappy urchin of the city streets. He had a thoroughly good time; and it is difficult to see that his experience did him any substantial harm. There was plenty to eat in his father's house; there was a circle of admiring friends to be built up among the other boys of the neighborhood; there was the firehouse around the corner where a bright-eyed, sharp-tongued Irish lad could be petted and spoiled by the men, going to the fires with them and carrying sandwiches and coffee to them from nearby restaurants when the blaze proved a stubborn one. As he grew older, he was in great demand at public entertainments, for those recitations which in the age of innocence people really liked to hear. Presently the recitations were discarded for amateur theatricals, in which he was so successful that he was offered a professional engagement and for a time seriously considered devoting his life to the stage.

Before he left the fish market, he was in love with Katie Dunn, and was nightly making the two-hour journey up to the Bronx where she lived. On one occasion he did so with a $2 rented full dress suit in a box under his arm, only to discover when he changed his clothes in a spare bedroom that through an error the trousers included were meant for some dwarf. Undisturbed, young Alfred borrowed a blue serge pair from a handy brother and took his lady love to the Tammany ball just the same—an incident which is surely ready made to the hand of the biographer intent on portraying a naïve and golden age.

Tammany early began to play a big part in the life of the East Side boy. He had in fact about as much chance of escaping it as a child in Paris has of failing to speak French. It was all about him; the heroes of the community were Tammany heroes; all good things which did not come from your own efforts came from Tammany: coal in winter, if you needed it; ice in summer; steamboat excursions, clambakes, balls and banquets, jobs for the unemployed, bail and sometimes intercession with the Judge for those who collided with the law. Next to the Church, Tammany was the most powerful thing in the cosmos; not infrequently they worked together in a tacit alliance the invincibility of which was to be taken as a matter of course. The Tammany leader under whom Smith got his first training was Tom Foley, a shrewd student of human nature, rigid in requiring that his lieutenants should be ever available to help the people of their districts when help was wanted, even if it meant getting up in the middle of the night. Foley saw that young Al Smith, with his friendly ways, likable personality, skill as a public speaker, had the makings of a good Tammany man, and coached him along. For a time he was on the city payroll as a server of jury notices. Then one of Tammany's representatives in the State Assembly developed what Foley described as "swelled head," and the boss replaced him with Al.

Smith remained in the Assembly twelve years and for the first eight of them was not particularly distinguished except for party regularity. From the beginning he had one notable habit, however, which made him unique in that legislature as it would in any other: when an important measure came along he read it all the way through, mastered its contents, went to other sources for material on the subject. For years he was the only man in the Assembly who invariably read all of the 300-page appropriation bill, which for some of his colleagues served only as a convenient supply of shaving paper.

With this huge conscientiousness and industry, he has always combined a machine-like memory. If an elephant never forgets, then Smith is a whole herd. He can dictate a speech and afterward, without notes, repeat it verbatim. The writer once heard him talk for almost two hours on the reorganization of the state government and it was like sitting under a statistical shower bath. He unreeled fact after fact, figures by the cubic yard; and a careful subsequent check-up revealed no error in any of his statements. If I were asked to say what had been the chief factors in making him an important figure (not merely a successful one—success in politics is easily traded for shoddy) I should say that his ability to dig out facts and remember them was one of the three chief points. The others are an active curiosity, and a vigorous opinion as to what is right and wrong, coupled with a preference for the former and the intention to bring it about.

The remaining facts in his history are quickly told. In 1915 he was given the only really remunerative public post he has ever held—the $50,000-a-year place as Sheriff of New York County. In 1917 he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen of the city, but hardly had he taken office before it was decided that he should make the gubernatorial race. He was successful, as he subsequently was in 1922 and 1924. In 1920 he went down to defeat in the great Harding landslide, though he managed to run a million votes ahead of his party's Presidential candidate, the Honorable Jimmie Cox.

How he is idolized by his native city, everyone knows. When the Democratic Donnybrook was on in Madison Square Garden in 1924, you couldn't give that destination to a taxi driver without being objurgated, on the chance that you might be a delegate, to vote for Al. As is always the case, New York loves him not for his good qualities but for his personality. It loves him because he has a voice with trumpets in it (for all its huskiness); because he has a sense of humor and is not afraid, as so many politicians are, to let the world know it; because he isn't high hat, but remains the East Side boy he was at the beginning.

Speaking of hats reminds me of an incident which is as typical of his general attitude as any. When he was running for Governor the first time, he was

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as usual taken in hand by the publicity experts, called in by Tammany for the duration of the battle. They weren't as afraid of him as they are now. It was noticed that he wore his straw lid at a rather rakish angle; and it was agreed that no man who wore his hat that way could be elected Governor of the grehate state of New York. So they went to Al and told him tactfully to put his hat on at the right angle, which was in fact, at *a* right angle to the perpendicular.

"I won't," said Al.

"You what?" said the experts, who were more accustomed to hearing "Yes, gentlemen."

"I won't," said Al. "If I wear my hat the way you say, it hurts my forehead. The people of this state don't care how the outside of my skull looks. They want to know what's inside of it. If I've got to change the way I wear my hat, you can get another candidate."

"Yes, Mr. Smith," said the experts, and that was that.

His quickness in grasping a new situation and making up his mind as to his own opinion are famous. The writer once had an opportunity to see for himself that the reputation was deserved. It happened that I made the first public suggestion (in an article in the New York Globe) of tax exemption of new residential building in order to relieve the housing shortage. The day the article appeared I called on the Governor and repeated the proposal to him. He had never heard of anything like it. He listened for ten minutes, asked two or three questions, and then swung back to the papers waiting on his desk.

"Go and see the Attorney General," he said. "If he says it's legal, I'll do what I can to put it through."

As New Yorkers are aware, the Attorney General held that it could be done. The Governor made good on his promise, the law was passed and many millions of dollars' worth of buildings have been erected under it.

I have already suggested that Al Smith has done a lot of growing up during his twenty-one years of public office. This does not mean that he is any less a Tammany man than he was in the beginning. He is the actual leader of the organization today, and is probably more responsible than any other individual for the new attitude with which the Wigwam is imbued. Roughly, that attitude distinguishes between "honest graft"—awarding appointive positions and contracts to your friends—and the sort of out-and-out stealing which marked the days of Croker. Such an attitude is a long way from perfect, to be sure; but so is human nature. On the other hand, Smith has not hesitated to appoint Republicans, or men without any political affiliation, to important posts if he felt they were the best men for the jobs. And he has a passion for efficient, economical, intelligent government which is not Tammany's or anybody else's but his own.

Also: somewhere along his climb this East Side boy has picked up a group of ideas about liberty. He didn't get them from Tammany, which in its characteristic mental processes inclines rather toward benevolent feudalism than liberalism. He vetoed the anti-radical laws with which the Republican Assembly sought to make a mockery of freedom of speech, particularly in the schools. He protested the ousting of the Socialist members of the Legislature. He has pardoned such political prisoners as Larkin and Gitlow. He did most of these things at a time when the red hysteria was still strong and it took ten times as much courage to stand up for liberal doctrines as it would today, or did a decade ago. In protesting the Socialist ouster, he made as fine a declaration of principle as has come from any public man of our time:

> Our faith in American democracy is confirmed not only by its results, but by its methods and organs of free expression. They are the safeguards against revolution. To discard the methods of representative government leads to the misdeeds of the very extremists we denounce—and serves to increase the number of the enemies of orderly free government.

And again, in vetoing the bill which would license schools and supervise their courses to prevent the spread of "radical doctrine" he observed:

> I might rest upon the saying of Benjamin Franklin, that "they that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety." But I go further—the safety of this government and its institutions rests upon the reasoned and devoted loyalty of its people. It does not need for its defense a system of intellectual tyranny which, in the endeavor to choke error by force must of necessity crush truth as well. The profound sanity of the American people has been demonstrated in many a crisis, and I, for one, do not believe that governmental dictation of what may and may not be taught is necessary to achieve a continuance of the patriotism of our citizenship, and its loyal support of the government and its institutions.

In a generation of time-serving opportunists in office, it is refreshing to find a man who is not afraid to reaffirm a belief in American democracy against the opposition of the numerous and powerful persons who are doing all they can to destroy the principles on which that democracy rests.

Walter Lippmann, writing in the New York World, once made the point that Al Smith is a particularly important political figure because he is a product of the machine which has the power, whereas the typical "reformer" is a rootless, sterile orchid coming from a small intellectual aristocracy which at heart despises the common people and therefore can never long remain in touch with them, or serve them satisfactorily. We all know the futility of the silk-stocking reformer, who, on the rare occa-

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sions when he gets into power, either finds himself helpless in the midst of technical processes which he does not understand and at the mercy of a crew of professionals with whom he dare not dispense, or else yields to the pressure and himself becomes "one of the boys." The superiority of a man like Smith to the typical reformer is perfectly apparent. I should feel more enthusiasm about Smith in relation to Tammany, however, if I could see any evidence that Tammany had been responsible for making him the useful public citizen he is. Such evidence may exist; but I have never found it.

His passion for efficient and economical government is one which Tammany has never shared; his most statesmanlike acts have been performed in a field outside Tammany's circle of interest. It is true that the Wigwam is a better organization than it was in the old days; but this is largely because of Smith's own influence, plus the development of an opinion, not only in New York but throughout the United States, that the old-fashioned, open system of municipal graft is too crude and gross to be tolerated any longer. It would be more fair to say that Smith has made Tammany than that Tammany has made Smith. If he had happened to be born in another city there is every reason to suppose that his career would have been as distinguished as—perhaps more distinguished than—it has been in New York. In other words, Smith seems to me to be a sport, a product as accidental as greatness always is. If Tammany in and of itself provided even a reasonably good school for young statesmen, we should not see Al Smith standing so conspicuously alone among its alumni. We have a right to be thankful for him; but our thanks, I think, should go elsewhere.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington Notes

BY the time this is printed the tax bill of 1926 will be an old story. It is useless to moan about what should have been done or to howl about what cannot now be helped. I might proceed to inveigh against what I consider the iniquity and injustice of this law and rail against the unprecedented and unparalleled combination of pusillanimity and press propaganda with which it was driven through, but what's the use? Anyhow I am deterred from that sort of thing because of the sickened sensations caused in the pit of my stomach by the Borah and Reed business of rushing around the country after their defeat in the World Court fight, roaring and raging, calling down fire and vengeance upon the heads of those who disagreed with them and predicting the direst disasters to follow.

There is no real result to be gained by that sort of thing except the dubious one of making more or less an exhibition of one's self. However I do not feel like closing the door on this tax business for good and all without expressing myself on the subject of the Democratic attitude in making it possible to put in and retain the retroactive clause by which some $80,000,000 will be refunded to twenty-odd great estates which paid the federal estate tax after January 1, 1924. That was the price demanded by the Democrats for acquiescence in the Mellon-Coolidge program of tax reduction on the big incomes and I might say never was a price more gladly paid. That a suggestion such as this should come from the other side seemed almost too good to be true. The Old Guard Republican leaders almost kissed Senator Simmons and the haste with which Mr. Mellon let it be known that the Treasury could find the money to make up this additional $80,000,000 loss was amusing—that is if the disgust inspired by the whole business left anybody's sense of humor in a condition to function. There is, as I see it, less excuse for this refund of $80,000,000 to the twenty-odd great estates enumerated by Congressman Newton in his House speech, chief of which is the Duke estate in North Carolina, than for any other action of Congress in a good many years. The defense made was lamentably poor and evasive. It was a weak and wanton thing to do and it ought to be kept fresh in the minds of the people, one way or another. But it won't be. Already it has practically passed out of the public memory and even at the time it made no real impression.

This is probably the only political period in our history in which such a thing could be so easily done, with so little protest and publicity. It was the most unashamed and complete surrender to great wealth that has taken place in my recollection. Nothing done for a special interest in the Fordney-McCumber tariff exceeded it in rawness. There were two particularly astonishing features of this retroactive federal inheritance tax action. One was that it was completely unnecessary. There was no demand for relief, no claim that an injustice had been done any group, no contention that there had been overpayment. It was a clear case of giving back money, justly and properly paid into the Treasury, in the form of taxes, to rich men merely because they wanted it.

The other extraordinary thing about this feature of the law was the coalition of Republicans and Democrats who got behind it, pushed it steadily through and by shrewd parliamentary tactics on the House side and a tacit and effective if informal understanding in the Senate, kept the names of the chief beneficiaries—the Duke, Clark, Begg, Woolworth and Fleishman estates, almost entirely out of the debate. It really was a remarkable performance—and it should have been indelibly impressed on the public mind, but was not.

But that is enough about the tax bill. It is water over the dam and it is more interesting now to discuss the present than the past. One of the plainest things in Washington today is the desire of Mr. Coolidge to get rid of Congress. With the World Court proposal and the tax bill both through there is nothing else about which he is particularly anxious and so far as he is concerned the quicker it adjourns the better. At nearly every newspaper conference he somehow manages to convey the idea that the country would be better off if the legislative end of the government would clear out. Apparently there is no real intention of making a fight for administration farm legislation and the Presi-

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dential recommendations concerning the coal situation have completely passed out of the Presidential mind. So far as Mr. Coolidge is concerned this session of Congress is a success. With the World Court and the tax bill struggles ended in a way satisfactory to him, the charge of complete futility cannot be leveled effectively against him. Actually of course he supplied neither leadership nor inspiration in either fight. It was the Democrats who won both for him through an exhibition of party pusillanimity and stupidity not paralleled in recent years.

Speaking of pusillanimity, is it anything else that keeps these so-called Democratic leaders in the Senate from anything like real criticism of the august Mr. Mellon? Isn't it a plain case of fright? Are they not buffaloed by the newspapers and the banking interests into a cowed frame of mind toward the genial old gentleman personally just as they were toward his jolly old tax bill? It looks like it to me. Here is Senator Couzens of Michigan, a Republican Senator of standing, substance and repute, uncovering some of the most lurid and tempting details of the Internal Revenue Department, showing vast allowances made to companies in which Mr. Mellon is interested, charging all sorts of gross favoritism and in one case—the consolidated returns of the Mellon banks in Pittsburgh—even compelling the Mellon attorney in the Senate to concede that it should not have been done that way. And do the Democrats follow up this Republican attack on a Republican Secretary of the Treasury? They do not. They sit in their seats and gasp at the temerity of the unflinching Couzens who continues to hack away with no newspaper backing and a suit for $10,000,000 back taxes hung over his head as a club.

The fact is that the Democratic surrender at this session is complete. They have abandoned every real issue, passed up every opportunity for effective attack. The collapse of the Aluminum investigation, the resolution "authorizing" the President to appoint special counsel to investigate or prosecute the Mellon corporation is the height of absurdity. With the Couzens material at hand and assured support from the Progressives refusal to investigate Mr. Mellon means a refusal to investigate anything.

When the session ends the Democrats will have not only failed to establish a single unifying party issue but will not have made a single scratch on the varnish with which the Republican organs and the National Committee propaganda experts have covered the administration. This is extraordinary conduct if the Democrats intend to go before the country in 1928 with the plea that they are anything other than a group of "yes men" for the Republicans. But there is no evidence that they have any higher ambition than that. Apparently they propose—these Democrats—to accept this administration at its own valuation. Even when it is attacked by Republican Senators there are Democratic Senators who deplore such assaults. If ever a situation like this existed before I cannot recall it. The big question is, How long will it last? Quite some time I should think.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Texas Lights

The Blessing of the Animals

FOR this seventeenth of January, along toward four in the afternoon, there is a commotion at the little church of San Felipe de Jesus. From all over San Antonio, from out by Zazamora Street and the district of the Corpus Christi road, people have brought their favorite animals, parrots, dogs, cats, hens, birds, in their arms, in cages and baskets or on leash, to be blessed. This is the ceremony of the blessing of the animals, the feast of San Antonio de Abad.

On the steps of the church stand three little boys with puppies and a solemn flutter of little girls with puppies and birds and cats. There are men and women, mostly poor people, with parrots and dogs and chickens. The men have off their hats, the women wear bright skirts and have black ribosos over their heads. One woman with a dark blunt face under her riboso has three animals to be blessed; from her right hand hangs a large rush cage with a green parrot in it; on her left arm rests a small cage of canaries, and from it swings a long barrel-like cage of Spanish doves, who huddle together in the midst of such a concourse of men and beasts and before the shine, no doubt, of those white forms that emerge from the church and down the steps to the people under the trees—the Spanish father with his book and the acolytes with the cross and swinging censer.

In the road just outside there is a doubting Thomas in the form of a lady who sits in her motorcar, her dog on her lap. She has chanced by at the moment very likely and has stopped; the regard that she bends on the crowd is cool; you can see that she finds these Mexicans a poor lot. She and her dog enjoy the advantages of a superior civilization; these animals about to be blessed eat anything they can get hold of; she has dog-biscuit. The priest lifts his hand, the service begins. From the silver censer the smoke rises past the bare boughs toward the clear bright sky.

San Antonio de Abad, in whose memory this day opens its loving heart to the dumb creatures here, was an African saint of the fourth or fifth century. I am somewhat unfamiliar with this San Antonio, but my neighbor in the crowd a little old señor, brown and dried up and kind, tells me something of him. In Egypt he lived, and for many years only in desert places, where he consorted with all animals, gentle and ferocious, taming lions and wild bears and living in brotherhood with all that has wings. Through the long stretch of sixty years he was fed by a raven who brought him every day half a loaf of bread; we know it because this raven on one occasion when St. Paul the Hermit paid Saint Anthony a visit, brought them a whole loaf. If Saint Anthony of Padua preached to the fishes after Saint Francis of Assisi had preached to the birds; Saint Jerome drew the thorn from the lion's foot; Saint Isidore tamed wild beasts; San Antonio de Abad was a greater lover still of wild creatures. His constant companion was a pig, even when he was—quite as you can see him sometimes in the pictures—carrying fire in his hands, which showed that he could cure the Sacred Fire,

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meaning erysipelas, you see. Sometimes when the devil wished to tempt San Antonio he appeared in the form of an animal, but the sign of the cross soon settled that.

The señor gives his terrier a smack for wanting to bark at the smoking incense. Little old women are scattered here and there hugging their cages of pets to them like bright bits of life. The señor points out one of them with a golden brown hen in one hand, she holds by the other a nanny goat's halter. Getting blessed can do the goat no harm, and if you left her at home the neighbors would steal in and milk her. The priest is raising his hand again and the gentle blessing descends on all creatures there.

Cowboy at the Antique Shop Window

He is medium height not tall; what strikes you about his shoulders is their line outward and down, the flatness of the back and the even chest between them, rather than any mediocrity of size; he is, in sum, no big fine fellow. The pattern of his body is sensitive and slight, supple and strong. The waist is small, the hips narrow, the small of the back tense and alive; only the legs are a little bowed from weeks and months on a horse. His movement when he walks is swaying, like a woman's, lithe like a dancer's. His mouth is sensitive and droll; his eyes look at once mild, lazy and critical, as if they had been long used to the beauty and finish of horses and to simple physical things done perfectly.

I see the cowboy standing there before the window of the antique shop that opens off the hotel where the good tourists go. He wears no coat, the brown flannel sleeves of his shirt show against his darker waistcoat, which does not meet the trousers behind, but leaves a fulness of the shirt puffing out. The trousers are tight in the waist, the hips, the legs. His hat is a wide Stetson; on each side of it in front the brim is twisted as if he had been constantly doffing it. Around his neck he wears no cravat, but a great handkerchief rather, red, dotted with green designs. On his feet he wears boots that are cut up high in front of the knee and lower behind. These boots are clay yellow with much red stitching across the foot, and around the top there are five-petaled roses in white and red leather stitched on. The heels of these boots are high and little, and are placed far under, directly beneath the arch of the foot; the fit of the boots is close and tight, full of the wearer's pride in his small feet; what this tradition is we know, it is Spanish, from the time of the conquistadores.

The taste behind the arrangement of the window is exotic, clever and charming; the objects are choice, but they are not for poor people. At the back stands a portrait of Louis Quinze, looking very powdered, ample and vacuous, beside curtains of wine red velvet and a velvet table with his crown and sceptre cushioned upon it. There is a tray of tiny Mexican figures, not so high as chessmen, in red coral and onyx; a sixteenth century choir book whose black and red notes could be read from across the street; two chasubles in green and black, both heavy with gold, both Spanish. On the floor near the chasubles is a Chinese box in red lacquer with gilt warriors stalking over it; a cigarette case of yellow tortoise unmottled and fragile; two small altar amphoræ in silvered wood; and two spurs from Guadalupe, brass with silver flowers inlaid, the straps are carved leather; the rowels of the spurs are starwheels whose points in a horse's flank will send him off like a rocket. There is a great Russian jewel as large as your hand, a loveknot and eagle encrusted with rose diamonds. Near the window sits a cock in white jade no higher than a swallow; and beside him, and twice his height, running along the window glass, is a line of crystal images from the late Renaissance by way of Spain and Mexico. One of the images has eyes of turquoise in a black agate head and gracious curved hands of agate. They are full of age and excellence, these images, harmonious forms flowing together in a translucent whole. In a far corner is a pedestal and its Madonna of chestnut wood with blue rubbed on in bands and traces of gilding.

The cowboy stands there without hurry, rolling a cigarette and looking in at the display of objects behind the sheet of glass. He takes his time as his habit is, in those long hours on horseback, on the porch of the ranch house in the evening, by the camp fire. He is at home in silence and in himself. His nervous hands twitch the cigarette, otherwise he is still. His steady eyes rest on the crystal images, in which the light gathers, making their shapes bright and quiet like water and their perfection fresh and strange.

Stark Young.

Stravinsky and Others

THE music of Stravinsky's ballet, Les Noces, has now been heard, for the first time in America, under the auspices of the International Composers' Guild. The score was played and sung without the ballet, but was tremendously effective. Stokowski conducted; and the four pianos, stripped to their metal ribs, were played by Germaine Tailleferre, Alfredo Casella, George Enesco and Carlos Salzedo. The whole score was played twice through and, between its two performances, which reared themselves like colossal peasant statues, crude-featured, square-fingered and square-footed, the Casella Concerto for String Quartet, with its pedantries and its honey conscientiously spread thin, was completely dwarfed. Stravinsky's subject is extremely simple; nor has he attempted, in the theatrical sense, to get a drama out of it. He has merely presented a Russian country wedding, a wedding reduced to its primary elements: first we have the bridesmaids, at the bride's house, braiding the bride's hair; then we have the friends of the groom, at the groom's house, sending him off; then the departure of the bride to be married and the mothers of the couple left behind after the rest have gone; then the wedding celebration, at which many of the guests get drunk and rally the bride and the groom with considerable freedom; and, finally, the putting of the couple to bed. But Stravinsky has brought these events to life with such terrific vitality and given voice with such overwhelming vigor to the pungent naïvetés of his libretto (also written by himself) that he is able to produce upon us the arresting, the absorbing, almost the shocking, effect which is the result of any powerful revelation of the natural man. Stravinsky is at once cruel and genial, at once solemn and ribald and, in carrying us above, or below, the obvious realms of irony

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or sentiment, he communicates an exhilaration as impossible to the jazz orchestra as to the accomplished modern composer of disintegration and defeat. It is the exhilaration of moving with the primitive and ruthless force of life, which creates, just as it destroys, in spite of anything we may think about it. Stravinsky has been described as a poet of machinery; but, for almost all his most successful compositions, he has gone to the folk-tales of peasants or the rites of primitive people.

It would, however, be unfair to speak invidiously of the music which has been written since the War in contrast to Les Noces. This ballet, though it did not reach its present form until 1917, was first conceived about 1912 or 1913. It is particularly interesting to compare Les Noces with another more recent work by a Russian composer. Arthur Lourié's Sonata for Violin and Double Bass, which was played at an earlier concert of the International Composers' Guild, proved too dreary, too disjointed and too flaccid even for an audience used to this sort of thing and respectful toward the later Schoenberg: the stumblings and mopings of M. Lourié provoked unaccustomed laughter. Yet the Sonata, however valueless as music, has its significance as a symptom of the times: as an example of artistic and emotional exhaustion it would be difficult to match and we cannot but associate its deficiencies with the condition of post-war Europe. M. Lourié was formerly the head of the Music Commission organized by the Soviet government and left Russia only three years ago. It is possible that M. Lourié would not be a very remarkable composer under any conditions; but, in a period of vigorous artistic life, the lesser artist has his dignity and even his charm: even without originality of his own, the pupil has his own enthusiasm and the form that he has learned from the master. But where the masters themselves are without hope and deficient in vitality, the pupils become intolerable. M. Lourié, in the last movement of his Sonata, introduces what one takes to be a peasant dance or a folk-song of some sort. I do not know whether the composer intended it to sound as flat and as lame as it does or whether he desired to redeem his earlier moods of depression and fatigue with a few moments of sweetness and cheer. But, in any case, his Russian dance is a dance of the dead. The barbaric health and the vulgar richness of Stravinsky's village wedding go back to a civilization which, though harsh, had still its energy and its strength. Perhaps not even Stravinsky himself would be able to recover them now.

This is perhaps not an inappropriate place to speak of the collected edition of T. S. Eliot's poems which has just been published in England. This volume contains nothing new except a set of poems called The Hollow Men, which represents an even more advanced stage of the condition of demoralization already given expression in The Waste Land: the last of these poems—the disconnected thoughts of a man lying awake at night—consists merely of the barest statement of a melancholy self-analysis mixed with a fragment of the Lord's Prayer and a morose parody of Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush. "This is the way the world ends," the poet concludes, "Not with a bang, but a whimper."

No artist has felt more keenly than Mr. Eliot the desperate condition of Europe since the War nor written about it more poignantly. Yet, as we find this mood of hopelessness and impotence eating into his poetry so deeply, we begin to wonder whether it is really the problems of European civilization which are keeping him awake nights. Mr. Eliot has lived abroad so long that we rarely think of him as an American and he is never written about from the point of view of his relation to other American authors. Yet one suspects that his real significance is less that of a prophet of European disintegration than of a poet of the American Puritan temperament. Compare him with Hawthorne, Henry James, E. A. Robinson and Edith Wharton: all these writers have their Waste Land, which is the æsthetic and emotional waste land of the Puritan character and their chief force lies in the intensity which which they communicate emotions of deprivation and chagrin. The young men of Eliot's earlier poems, with their prudence and their inability to let themselves go, are like the young men of Henry James's early novels and like the Hawthorne of the Note-Books; and the later creations of Eliot, with their regrets for having dared too little, correspond exactly to the middle-aged men of the later Henry James, of The Ambassadors and The Beast in the Jungle. What is most important about Mr. Eliot, however, is that even in his deepest dejection and tending, as he seems to do here, to give his emotions a false significance, he remains a poet of the first order. One is struck, in going through this new edition, by the fact that he survives rereading better than almost any of his contemporaries, American or English.

EDMUND WILSON.

Posters and Billboards

THE first recorded attack on the advertising signboard took place in 1669 when Louis XIV issued a royal order regulating the size and position of French signs. This was a measure looking to public safety; it was not æsthetical as are the modern objections to billboards which assume that nature is always beautiful and man (posters) always vile. This attitude is illogical and irreligious.

American signs are, for the most part, good advertising and as art either repulsive or indifferent. Motor traffic has made nearly every tree, in Florida for instance, an advertisement for a drug-store, an inn, or a development, and these signs, rusting and bent, are offensive to the eye, as their monotonous repetition of uninteresting statements is wearisome to the mind. They do not, however, seriously affect the view, and there are vast stretches in New Jersey and Nebraska where the billboards along the railway gives life to dull vistas and is an agreeable reminder that elsewhere life, if not exactly "wanton and wondrous and forever well," is at least tolerably active. Nor can any tired traveler between Altoona and Philadelphia regret the Bull Durham sign which says Peking—7,250 Miles from Here. Billboards along railways seem to be lettered and spaced on the assumption that the traveler will catch only one letter of the sign each time it appears and will enjoy the suspense of the spelling contest. Nothing else can account

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for their unimaginative, undecorative boards. A cut-out of a bull, of an hotel, or of some advertised and recognizable box or can sometimes illuminates the text. For the rest it is always Gorton's Boneless Codfish, white on black backgrounds, without distinction even of lettering.

City billboards and posters are superior. Competition with electric signs compels them to use form and color. It is notable that the Klaxon advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post nearly fifteen years ago (a cubistic design by Marcel Duchamp, as I recall) had few successors among outdoor posters. The streets of Paris are alive with billboards in the manner of Fernand Léger, many of them extremely effective; but the American advertiser turns out to be ultra-conservative and even in the Victorian tradition of painting. His poster must tell a story, generally a story of success. It is the same story for nearly every commodity. Six young men surround one beautiful girl: is it face cream, silk stockings, shampoo, the Book of Etiquette, or (why not?) Vassar College? A table, a butler, a distinguished man and a beautiful woman are dining: is it tea, coffee, silver, napery, glassware, life insurance, Nujol, or chewing gum after every meal? In the first case it is attractiveness as a general principle; in the second, prosperity, assurance, comfort. The appeal is always through these general desiderata, not through the visual effect of the poster which, as a good poster, ought to be appropriate, even without text, to one commodity alone.

The average English poster—the transportation systems, local and national are exceptions—carries this bewilderment further. I recall a huge poster showing a man hanging from a broken chandelier. The man was bald and had a billiard cue in his free hand. It might have been anything; close search for the minute text revealed it as an advertisement for indestructible gas mantles. And Blue Halls the Best Cure for Headache turned out to be publicity for a movie house.

The propriety of American posters is really alarming. Except for one or two old sinners who smoke pipe tobacco, the population of our posters is utterly correct. This is primarily a point of psychological and social interest, but it has its effect on the poster art because this type of solid go-getting ready-made and rubber-heeled correctness will stand no artistic nonsense. It will not even stand a trace of humor. The poster-joke is obviously bad advertising, but this reservation does not apply to the comic types found in French and English posters, the grotesque ones in German and Italian. These are almost entirely wanting in American posters; they occur in magazine advertising, as in the drawings of fgc and j held, but national billboard advertising cannot afford to be funny. The reason is that advertising works on the principle of identification; you become one with the character portrayed. Hence you see a porter proudly carrying a bag, but more significantly, a lavish lady conscious of having that supremely desirable bag, which, in fact, gives her that well groomed air and has made her rich and happy. If the porter were comic, the illusion would be spoiled. Hence even the woman who has obviously just finished her own washing (soap or machinery) is of an incredible daintiness. The poster, in short, is considered as a social first-cause, not as an æsthetic object.

The result of this is that our best posters, æsthetically, are those with a minimum of drawing or painting. The elaborate penmanship of the name Ford is not as good as the solid typography of the name Dodge; but both signs are good printing and good poster, with a minimum of text and ample margins, giving complete legibility. The long statements appearing on billboards and calling the United States Government's Department of Agriculture or Commerce to testify to the growing popularity of one kind of tobacco, are too well documented; even an argument, on a billboard, must be foreshortened. Sheer size and the proper placing of the facsimile Camel package make a good ad. All the huge billboards, of course, exist by themselves and have to fight off the appeal of hostile rivals. The smaller posters, as seen on elevated stations and on dilapidated buildings waiting for the wrecking gang, are often so made that they are actually more effective in conjunction with others, which give them high relief; and sometimes an enchanting effect is created when the entire side of a building is papered over with a hundred or a thousand repetitions of the same sign. Also, in looking down a long alley of billboards broken up into small posters the eye can be pleasantly surprised if one gives up the effort to dissociate each sign and lets the kaleidoscope have its way—as when the rain has washed a hundred signs together into a gay and meaningless arrangement of letters and designs. Mr. Phillips Russell, writing a few pages of text for The Art of the Poster, claims that the poster is a decorative asset to the modern city. He is quite right. In the city the poster can be decorative, not only because it competes with other works of man, but because it competes on some reasonable terms; it can be read at more leisure, so the text can be made smaller and the design have free play; it can be, in form and color, a poster and not a signboard.

Incidentally this book (edited by E. McKnight Kuffer and published, in a quarto which is nearly all reproductions, by A. and C. Boni) indicates that one of the things chiefly wanting in America is a Toulouse-Lautrec. Maxfield Parrish should have had a great effect on our poster designers, but apparently his method required too much work, and Coles Phillips was easier to imitate. It happened that Toulouse-Lautrec was an artist, studied the Japanese, and found precisely the types which he cared to make into posters. Steinlen and Bonnard in his own country, Penfield in America, the Beggarstaff Brothers in England all testify to the appearance of a master. The whole of the Nineties was influenced by him and it is notable that the posters of the Nineties seem perfectly good advertising, lacking in punch a little, but instantly attractive to the eye and holding the mind long enough to be persuasive. Our present posters are more colorful, and it is doubtful whether any posters ever were so overcharged with emotion as the political ones of Germany and Soviet Russia—even the war posters seem pretty in comparison with these.

The attractiveness and the interest of almost any contemporary collection makes one regret that art has apparently been declared a deterrent in the sale of socks and chewing gum—the opportunities are so seductive.

GILBERT SELDES.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court

SIR: In your issue of February 3, 1926, you published a review by Harold J. Laski of my new book. I desire to call your attention to the fact that you cite the name of the book incorrectly as The Constitution and the Supreme Court whereas the true title of my book is Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court.

Mr. Laski, himself, apparently failed to note the presence of the word "Congress" in the title, for he says in his review:

> But the charges which an outsider would regard as serious he (Mr. Warren) simply does not discuss at all. Their substance . . . is that, most notably in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Court uses the weapons at its disposal to enforce economic ideas which are out of harmony with the wants of the times.

This statement seems to charge me with failing to discuss something which expressly lay out of the realm of the subject of the book, for the Fourteenth Amendment relates to *State statutes* and the action of the Court as to *State statutes;* whereas my book is specifically and expressly limited to discussing the action of the Court with relation to *Acts of Congress.* And I took pains to point out that I was not treating of its relation to State statutes and that neither the LaFollette nor the Borah proposals had reference to State statutes.

CHARLES WARREN.

Washington, D. C.

[The misquotation to which Mr. Warren refers was a typographical error for which the New Republic, and not Mr. Laski, is responsible.—THE EDITORS.]

Militarism in the Colleges

SIR: Three hundred and eighty-two universities, colleges and secondary schools are listed by the War Department as maintaining some form of military training. In 197 schools attendance at drill is to some extent compulsory. Some require it for the first two years, some for the last two years, some for four years.

The actual value of this training for purposes of national defense is very low. It is even lower as a means of promoting physical health and ideals of right citizenship. But as a means of keeping alive the military view of life, its value is high. The military view of life is opposed to freedom of speech and conscience and to faith in reason and good will, as the foundations of security.

Many of our finest young students who come closest in contact with military training see this clearly. The Evanston Interdenominational Student Conference in resolutions, widely printed, declared for abolition of military training in high schools, in church and denominational schools and in all colleges including the compulsory features in Land Grant Institutions. Recently student referendums in such places as the College of the City of New York and Ohio State University have shown majorities against compulsory training.

The National Study Conference of the Churches held in Washington with representatives from twenty-eight communions declared, "We emphatically disapprove of compulsory military training. We urge careful review of the effect of military training in all its phases." The Ohio Pastors' Association during the week the student referendum was being taken at Ohio State University and when the whole state was talking about the action of the Cleveland School Board in ousting all military training from Cleveland's schools, unanimously voted in favor of abolishing military training in all high schools and its compulsory element in colleges.

Do our churches mean business? Will they back up their own young people and their own representatives? One concrete opportunity to answer this question with an emphatic "Yes" is furnished by the existence of the Committee on Militarism in Education which issued the widely circulated pamphlet by Winthrop D. Lane. Among its members are: Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Arthur E. Morgan, Professor George A. Coe, Professor Manley O. Hudson, Professor Luther A. Weigle, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, The Reverend Walter Russell Bowie, The Reverend Ernest Tittle, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Sherwood Eddy, Alva M. Kerr, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas and William Allen White.

The committee seeks help. This can be given by people in two ways: First, by sending name and address to Committee on Militarism in Education, 387—Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, so that the committee may know on whom to count. Second, by sending a contribution, however small, to the Emergency Fund of $5,000 which must be raised to carry on the fight against a process of militarization which unless stopped will destroy all hope of making America a leader in establishing world peace.

SAMUEL M. CAVERT AND JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

New York, N. Y.

For Fair Play in China

SIR: The American Committee for Fair Play in China desires to inform your readers that it will, upon request, send to anyone its publications dealing with conditions in China.

This Committee was formed in June, 1925, when its first bulletin was published, for the purpose of giving to American people the uncolored truth about China, with the hope that this would lead to a mutually helpful understanding. Response from over the country, which called for several printings of the first bulletin, has amply justified the founders' belief in the desire of the people for this sort of information. The movement is not subsidized, but wholly volunteer, and the nationwide distribution of literature is being accomplished entirely through volunteer distributors in addition to that sent out direct from headquarters. Supplies of bulletins are gladly sent to any persons who will undertake distribution in local groups or communities. . . .

The activities of the Committee are purely educational, not political. We invite the coöperation of all persons interested in a spread of the truth about China, free from political, religious, business or other special-interest bias. Forthcoming bulletins will give facts about the student movement, Tariff Conference deliberations, results of two "official" inquiries into the Shanghai outbreak last year, etc. Address 1616 Taylor Street, San Francisco.

L. M. BACON,

Secretary, American Committee for Fair Play in China.

San Francisco, Calif.

A Kropotkin Fund

SIR: In England a group of friends and admirers of Peter Kropotkin have started a fund for the commemoration of his services in the cause of human progress, and in admiration for his life of sacrifice to noble ideals based on mutual aid, morality and equality.

In 1917 after forty-one years of exile he and his wife returned to Russia, hoping to find it a land of freedom. In their haste to return he left behind him his large and valuable library of books and papers, containing a history of the ethical struggle for human liberty in which he had taken so large a part. These we have been able to transport to the old house in Moscow where he was born, now transformed into a Peter Kropotkin museum and library, where his widow Sophie Kropotkin lives and works.

Peter Kropotkin died in 1921 finishing on his death bed the volume on ethics which has been published in an English translation. More financial help however is needed than England in her present impoverished condition can give, and I appeal for the support of Sophie Kropotkin and her work to our friends in the United States of America, and ask them to coöperate with friends in England in the Peter Kropotkin memorial fund. Address at Hull House, Chicago.

ANNE COBDEN-SANDERSON.

Chicago, Ill.

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The True Stevenson

The True Stevenson, by George S. Hellman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 253 pages. $3.50.

MR. HELLMAN'S Study in Clarification undertakes to remove the impurities which have been introduced into the biography and reputation of Stevenson, and to tell the truth about the following matters: 1. The looseness of his early life in Edinburgh. 2. His agnosticism. 3. His love for Mrs. Sitwell, and the shattering blow which he received when he learned of her preference for Mr. Sidney Colvin. 4. His relations with Mrs. Osbourne at Grez which made her summons to him to join her in California a matter of honor. 5. The character of Mrs. Osbourne, the nature of her power over Stevenson and the effect of her exactions on his life and art. 6. In particular her responsibility for the Stevenson myth, promoted by the destruction of the manuscript of his novel dealing with the life of a prostitute, the moralization of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the suppression of some of Stevenson's poems and of the original versions of others, alterations and excisions in his correspondence as published by Sir Sidney Colvin, the elision of the subtitle of the story The Bottle Imp, which reads A Cue from a Melodrama, and the withholding from publication of The Waif Woman, A Cue from a Saga, both stories symbolic of Stevenson's captivity to La Belle Dame sans Merci. 7. The cause of his quarrel with Henley, i. e., the latter's outspoken condemnation of Mrs. Stevenson's use in her own name of a story by Stevenson's cousin, Katharine de Mattos.

Some of these clarifications have been effected before. For example, the latest of Stevenson's biographers, Mr. J. A. Steuart, has told the story of the break with Henley and noted its depressing effect on Stevenson, one comparable to his loss of Fanny Sitwell. Other corners of the veil had been lifted by Mr. Osbourne in An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S. in 1915. In the same year Mr. Clayton Hamilton in On the Trail of Stevenson published to the world the fact that at Grez, where Stevenson and Mrs. Osbourne met, "their affinity was instant and their union was immediate and complete," but he thought better of the revelation, withdrew the first edition of his book, and attenuated his statement to "their affinity was immediate." All these doubtful and partial revelations fall into their due place in Mr. Hellman's story of an astonishing conspiracy of deception. The original conspirator was Mrs. Stevenson who, possibly out of idolatry, perhaps for prudential reasons, desired to present her husband to the world as a very perfect knight. She made a partial accomplice of her son, Lloyd Osbourne. She found a willing tool in Graham Balfour, who wrote the official life of Stevenson in perfectly official terms; and apparently a less willing one in Sir Sidney Colvin, who in his treatment of the letters was committed to a high standard of discretion by the fact that he had a modest stake in the jack-pot of silence—he had married Mrs. Sitwell. Among other doubtless unwilling accessories after the fact must be mentioned friends of Stevenson like Henry James, Edmund Gosse, William Archer, Andrew Lang, and others who must have known the truth. Henry James indeed dissociated himself formally from the proceedings by declining to take upon himself the literary executorship to which Stevenson nominated him in the will which Mr. Graham Balfour failed to print; and he had already, by what Mr. Gosse notes as a blazing indiscretion, made the destroyed manuscript the theme of The Author of Beltraffio. Mr. Gosse had himself related this story to James, and one of the neatest of Mr. Hellman's inductions is that in which he compares James's masterpiece, Mr. Gosse's account in which no names are mentioned, and the facts known, to leave no doubt of the identity of the three versions.

But Mr. Hellman has evidence apart from his suspicions and guesses. The most important part of this consists of original documents, a mass of Stevenson's manuscripts containing first drafts of the poems in Underwoods, and others unpublished, having been gathered by him at the sales in New York after Mrs. Stevenson's death. The existence of these manuscripts had been concealed from Mr. Lloyd Osbourne by his mother, and they were offered for sale by his sister, Mrs. Salisbury Field, in a way to suggest the intention that they should be dispersed, not to be gathered up. Other testimony came to him from Mrs. Katherine Osbourne, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's first wife, who joined the family at Vailima after Stevenson's death, and Mr. James Stewart McConathy, the nephew of Mrs. Stevenson's first husband. In addition Mr. Hellman has checked up somewhat on Sir Sidney Colvin's editing of Stevenson's letters, from the holographs and by comparing the original edition with that of 1923. As he says, "No one will ever know the full extent of the liberties taken by Sir Sidney Colvin with Stevenson's correspondence." Yet he has brought to view enough of Sir Sidney's discretions to justify the conclusion that "he committed acts of omission so opposed to a vital delineation of Stevenson's life and character that it would be hard to find a parallel." On only a few points does Mr. Hellman leave us unsatisfied. We should be glad to know where Sir Sidney Colvin admits that he had authority from Mrs. Stevenson to make known the completeness of her relation to Stevenson at Grez; and particularly what influence was exerted to make Mr. Clayton Hamilton obliterate the footprints which he recorded in the first edition of his On the Trail of Stevenson to show that a man had passed that way.

The chief question raised by Mr. Hellman's book is that of the rights of biography. The immediate underlying cause of the conspiracy of whitewash was undoubtedly the desire to spare his family and friends the pain that would have come to them from being informed or reminded that Stevenson bummed extensively in Edinburgh and Paris in his youth, that he often and wittily took the name of the Lord in vain, that he did not always honor his father and his mother, that his relation with Mrs. Osbourne was in defiance of the seventh commandment, that his wife was not an ideal helpmeet for an artist, and that his family life was not a perfect concord of sweet sounds. But there are others to be considered. The Stevenson myth, as Mr. Hellman points out, leaves an inexplicable stigma of cruelty upon Stevenson's father, in his refusal to continue his son's means of support because he followed the lead of true love. His mother said afterwards: "We were wrong. Fanny was a good wife to him," but at the time it naturally seemed to them that he was surrendering not only all his prospects in this world, but also in the next. It leaves equally inexplicable the unforgiving bitterness of Henley. Particularly it leaves under a cloud a man who seems to have been a quite understanding, tolerant and good-natured person, Mr. Samuel Osbourne. And even Stevenson's close friends must have felt an oppression of spirit in being obliged to speak of him always with tongue in cheek, and, under the stern glance of Sir Sidney Colvin, forbidden that relief of facial muscle not denied to the augurs when they met.

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But far more important is the question of the injustice which the myth does to its subject, and to the public which is its objective. The relation of biography to the inheritance which a man leaves the world is reasonably clear. Through Boswell and Lockhart the English race has come into permanent possession of Johnson and Scott, without whom it would be by how much the poorer. The maladroit hand of Froude, chiefly by carelessness of the susceptibilities of a really vast number of contemporaries, did immediate and tremendous harm to the imposing reputation of Carlyle, but it is by no means certain that we shall not in the long run owe the possession of a personality greater than Johnson or Scott to Froude's realism. The public wearies of its latter-day saints. The manipulation of the stock of an author, alive or dead, while it may lead to an artificial bull market in which many people load up with the handsomely engraved share certificates, is sure to be followed by a distaste for the commodity, decline in earnings, and a selling campaign which leaves holders of the securities weary and disgusted. This has happened in the case of Stevenson. During his later life and for many years after his death he was the subject of adroit bulling. His stock soared. Then came reaction. Now is the time for reorganization. Stevenson like Johnson is sold not only on his works but on his personality, and personality can be preserved only by biography. There are figures in literature who do very well without biography — Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Tolstoy—but Stevenson is not one of them. And by virtue of the failure of his managers to realize the preservative value of realism, the true Stevenson was almost, as Henley thought quite, lost to the world. Of course it was the world's fault. It was the taste of the belated Victorians in England and the early Victorians in America which tempted the conspirators to make the insipid blend which they put on the market. Now the public taste is not only jaded; it has changed. The United States Immigration authorities will be excited to learn that when they permitted the Amateur Emigrant to land at Ellis Island they received to their bosom a man guilty of moral turpitude, but no one of common sense cares what Stevenson and Mrs. Osbourne did at Grez, except in so far as it makes real and credible the experience of a man and the behavior of his fellows, of which the accepted account reads like a legend of the saints.

And this experience and behavior form a subject scarcely less provocative to modern biography than the case of Shelley. Stevenson illustrates almost all the vicissitudes of the artist's life, in his relations with his parents, his friends, his critics, his public, his wife; in his temptations and his pleasures, in his illness and his poverty, in his artistic conscience and his popular success. Whether such a biography will yet be written is a question. Perhaps the ground has already been spoiled. Henry James, who would have been the ideal biographer for such a career, doubtless thought so.

Even the latest of Stevenson's biographers, Mr. J. A. Steuart, has worked under the spell, timidly and tamely. Especially in treating the relation of Stevenson and his wife he follows the convention. From his narrative we gather the impression of a guardian and ministering angel miraculously sent to the wayward child of letters. Mr. Hellman is not satisfied. He gives us instead glimpses of a weary Tannhäuser moving his Venusberg from Davos to Hyères, to Bournemouth, to Saranac, to Samoa, there to be resolved into legend as the chocolate knight of literature.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Chronicle and History

History of Russia, by S. F. Platonov, translated by E. Aronsberg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 435 pages. $3.50.

An Economic History of Russia, by James Mavor. Two vols. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1244 pages. $12.

IN the foreword to one of the editions of Professor Platonov's manual, in the original, the author states that the text grew out of the instruction in history he gave at a girls' secondary school. Indeed, for years this History of Russia was a classroom staple, relied upon by masters and accepted with normal distaste by Russian high-school boys and girls; and were it not for the Bolsheviks its pages would presumably still be thumbed and pencilled by youths at Kostroma and Kishineff, Tomsk and Tiflis. It is a textbook made according to a time-honored recipe: so many wars, so many peace treaties, some economics, some church affairs, a pinch of ideology—and it offers the sort of history that has been inflicted upon generations of young people in every civilized country by well meaning, accurate, unimaginative pedagogues, loyal to the traditions of their calling and to the principles of the established order.

The editor of the present version notes in his preface that the book is the fruit of the distinguished historian's labors as a tutor to Grand Duke Michael and Grand Duchess Olga, brother and sister of Nicholas II. Unquestionably, there hangs about this volume a faint odor of nationalistic complacency, to be expected in a work of such origin. After narrating the final act in the dismemberment of Poland, the author observes: "One cannot but admire the extraordinary triumphs of Catherine." The conquest of Central Asia by Russian troops, to come closer to our own time, is referred to as "this civilizing mission of the Russians in the plains of Central Asia" and is said in the original to form "one of the most glorious pages in the reign of Alexander II."

And yet the author can hardly be labelled a chauvinist. As a work prepared ad usum delphini the book is indeed surprisingly liberal. Professor Platonov is generally at pains to preserve an impartial, impersonal tone, which is nowhere better exemplified than in the two or three dispassionate pages which retail briefly the beginning of the Bolshevik Revolution. His aloofness, however, is of a sort that deprives his book of depth and warmth. Too often he speaks the language of the chronicler rather than of the historian, who, to be worthy of his real office, must accept the responsibility of evaluating what he records. It is a lucid language—his analysis of social and economic matters is especially clear—but dry and colorless, and unhappily innocent of the concrete detail, the shrewd observation, the evocative analogy. Not a single event is made memorable by an effort to convey its human significance. Not a single actor in this drama of a thousand years, not even such characterful figures as Peter or the great Catherine, emerges with any vividness from these pages. So admirable an introduction to Russian history as that presented by the English scholars, Beazley, Forbes and Birkett, which so beautifully manages to be at once sound and spirited, quite spoils one's taste for so humdrum a performance as this.

There is no question here of Professor Platonov's scholarship. As an academic historian he holds the highest rank. There are few men who have his knowledge of the subject and perhaps none now living who is equally well

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acquainted with the great crisis through which the Muscovite State passed in the beginning of the seventeenth century. As for his general theories, he has, unlike his great predecessors, Solovyov and Klyuchevski, no particular axe to grind. He believes that the time is not yet ripe for a broad synthesis, and repeats today what Aksakov said seventy years ago: "We do not have a history—we have only historical investigation." But neither the author's great learning nor yet his serene objectivity can put the breath of life into this book. Surely young people can do better than study the history of that huge commonwealth from a work to which Croce's comment on what he calls "pseudo-histories" applies all too well: they are "learned or very learned chronicles, sometimes of use for purposes of consultation, but lacking words that nourish and keep warm the minds and souls of men."

The new edition of Professor Mavor's valuable work will disappoint the reader who may imagine that here the account of Russian economic history has been brought down to date. To all intents and purposes, it is identical with the original volumes which were issued just before the outbreak of the War, and which concluded with the revolution of 1905-07 and the years immediately following. The Epilogue is augmented by a short paragraph, closing with a statement to the effect that "a new and perplexing volume of the economic history of Russia and of Europe was opened in 1917." It would appear both from the author's preface to this second edition and from his general introduction that he was at work on "a supplementary and provisional volume" on the present Revolution. It is to be hoped that when Professor Mavor died last October he did not leave that sequel to his monumental tomes unfinished.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

Westward Ho!

Gold of Ophir, the Lure that Made America, by Sydney and Marjorie Greenbie. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. 309 pages. $4.

COLUMBUS sailed to find the East and found America. Three hundred years later the Americans sailed to find the East and found themselves. When the thirteen states began their independent career on the shores of the Atlantic they were poor, and they had poor prospects. Britannia ruled the markets of the East and West Indies, and it was not likely she would go out of her way to help the struggling foreign commerce of America. Fortunately, however, in the eyes of the Chinese all foreign devils were equally barbarous and deserved equal treatment, and so in the China trade began the first great prosperity of the United States. When the Columbia rounded Cape Horn to fulfill John Ledyard's scheme of trading furs from Oregon for tea and silk in Canton, she cast anchor near the Columbia River and made the first claim of sovereignty for the United States. Thus did the Far West become a stage on the way to the Far East.

The push westward by land that followed was part of the same impulse. The Louisiana Purchase was a conscious step toward India. Lewis and Clarke set out knowing that Jefferson dreamed of a land route to the Pacific ports, while Thomas Hart Benton's plea for the settlement of Oregon was founded on the same hope. The gold rush only hastened a settlement of California which the steady lure of the golden Orient was sure to accomplish without it. Tea, silk, porcelain, spice and the dream of splendid wonders—this was the magic that built four thousand miles of railway and populated a continent.

This is, simply, the simple thesis of Mr. and Mrs. Greenbie's book. The last chapters suggest projections of the same idea into the intellectual plane, pointing out that Thoreau bathed his intellect "in the stupendous and cosmogonal philosophy of the Bhagavat Gita," that Emerson imported many transcendental thoughts from the East via the China trade, that Melville lived and died by the traffic round the Horn—and so on through religious, social and political fields to an appraisal of what gold is still left in Ophir for us to profit by.

All popular books suffer from the necessity of being popular, especially when they are written to prove for the first time an historical thesis of some nicety. And secondary books, moreover, seldom escape being second rate. Gold of Ophir runs the danger of being eclipsed by its own sources, which are put down in a most alluring bibliography at the end of each chapter. But though it is superficial as an historical document, it is entertaining as an historical suggestion. It revives the memory of ships and ventures that made half the old names and half the old towns of the New England coast, and offers to their credit the making of America.

E. VINCENT.

Through a Glass, Darkly

Sonnets, with Folk Songs from the Spanish, by Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 83 pages. $3.

EVIDENCE was not wanting before this volume of original sonnets and translations from the Spanish that Mr. Ellis is a poet. The fact of his lofty, free, poetic vision is more consummately clear in the prose of The Dance of Life than in this youthful verse. Mr. Ellis is not an expert versifier, nor can anyone who has ever read his limpid, unforced prose wish him one. He is, in fact, comfortably conscious of this, and in his preface frankly disarms criticism:

> The writer now views these verses . . . as an archæological record, interesting apart from any technical quality or the absence of it, the record of personal experiences in the evolution of an individual person's spirit.

These sonnets express, in short, the sensitive, generous emotions of the young man who was to become Havelock Ellis. As the latter has foreseen, interest in them is derivative. They do not entirely affirm the vivid, quick, broad-sympathied, many-faceted Havelock Ellis we have learned to know. And they serve as additional proof that poetry can not be esteemed, nor can a poet communicate himself, "apart from any technical quality or the absence of it." In these poems we see Havelock Ellis as through a glass, darkly; but through his prose, face to face.

In The Dance of Life Mr. Ellis mentioned a certain "saltiness" of flavor as one of the requirements of good literature. The folk songs from the Spanish meet that requirement. They are sappy and pungent. As the lines weave back and forth one hears more than once the deep cello note that is the characteristic sound of the Spanish tongue. If they seem peculiarly sophisticated compared with many English folk songs it is probably due to the Arabic strain in the race. Possibly Mr. Ellis alone of all Anglo-Saxons could render such authentic testimony of a

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love for Spanish literature and sympathy with the Spanish temper.

HELEN GOODSPEED.

Recent Fiction

Three Kingdoms, by Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE is a talent in many ways far out of the ordinary, a talent which in detail promises ever so much more than the book as a whole achieves. Laurence Storm (a woman, by the way) is up to her neck in a big London go-getter advertising business. Then there is a husband, to whom her love returns in the end, and a lover of sorts, and another man, who is the husband of her husband's mistress, and a smelly divorce case. The situation at most points is unnatural, and has to be confined at high pressure in the author's mind before yielding its full and artificial horse-power. But much of the detail and some, or rather aspects of some of the characters, are excitingly vivid. There is a zest and megaphonic fury about the scenes in the advertising office which, though frantically unreal, communicates itself to the shivers down one's spine. If some of the characters were left a little more alone, one would be surer of them. But Mrs. Jameson, in the constant endeavor to electrify them into life and her readers into belief, underlines over and over again their intensest features until intensity itself, utterly exhausted, bursts and disappears. She has great command over the white heat of the emotions, but her ambition is Napoleonic, and at the end of 365 pages the heat, though white, is no longer hot. It is impossible to maintain this verbal temperature for so long: "She misread the pity in his eyes, and collapsed before him in an agony of despair and hurt pride." In excess, fiery climaxes have only the effect of a chronic fever. People are often heard to praise a book with the word "sustained." But in this case, that is precisely what is the matter with it.

Inspector French's Greatest Case, by Freeman Wills Crofts. New York: Thomas Seltzer, Inc. $2.

MR. CROFTS is probably the soundest and most ingenious of those now writing detective stories. He has a rigorously logical mind, and that ability to lay long fuses which explode at the right time which is essential in detective stories. He has the necessary passion for accurate detail, and the slow upbuilding patience. The Case in point is elaborate, and complicated, but no more than it needs to be. He is lavish in describing the intricacies of false trails, and all the laborious surmises and running down of clues which distinguish detective stories as they actually happen from those hastily slapped together, plus acres of mystery and gallons of blood, in the magazines. One might almost say that Mr. Crofts had a legal bent. But good as he is, Sherlock Holmes still remains untouched. To be absorbingly interesting is not necessarily to be thrilling as well, and Mr. Crofts is not thrilling. His ability to ravel and unravel is way ahead of his ability to draw character or describe a scene. A detective story becomes doubly exciting when its people become real people to us, and when the constructor of the story has both interest in his plot and a witty, imaginative eye for the creation of its dramatis personæ. Even Conan Doyle, always excepting Holmes and Doctor Watson himself, was lacking in this. Some day there will be a writer who combines both the human passion and the ingenuity. For half of his technique he could do much worse than examine the performance of Mr. Crofts.

Glass Houses, by Eleanor Gizycka. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

COUNTESS GIZYCKA is brightly aware of the quality of social Washington, its small town gossip, its lion hunting hostesses, its great senatorial beasts from the jungle of the West, its dapper, sensitive young foreign diplomats. She has a keen, ironic eye, and an accurate ear, but a facility in translating what they report to her which dilutes the natural acid that might etch a sharper plate. Only the character of André, the young French attaché, begins to live a life approaching independence of his creator's fluent plausibility. His minute sensations and changes of mood are well recorded, far better than are the outlines of the much hazier people about him. The stream of words on which the story floats is clear, but extremely shallow, hinting at abilities not fully used, or used before the imagination has become ripe. As novels go, it is readable, but as one reads on one wonders why one is doing so, one wonders why such a brisk talent is not being better employed, one wonders a little why the novel was written at all.

Tinsel, by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: A. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

MR. TOWNE has taken a familiar and somewhat overworked theme: the wife of a multi-millionaire Middle-West manufacturer who places the frail but delusive ladder of her wealth against the rampart of Society and climbs, rung by rung, New York, Southampton, Palm Beach, Newport. But the ladder slips and both she and her husband's business fall with a crash. There are some pleasantly amusing descriptions of the good small town patriotic pageant, of wildish and artificial parties, of noble guests paid to attend. But as a whole the book, compounded too arbitrarily of pathos and burlesque, does not stand up. The theme has been done so often that it needs more than Mr. Towne's slapdash characterization and mild fun to carry it off. The burlesque revolves about rather easy marks, the situations are forced, the people, in the end, command neither our sympathy nor our amusement, and the final effect is one of hearsay, agreeably restuffed with a certain amount of glibly farcical veracity.

M. H.

Unchanging Quest, by Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

A FINE high spirit has Sir Philip Gibbs; it shines from his pages. But so does creative impotence—a vast, pervasive anæmia. A sort of high-minded sawdust.

Casting his searchlight mainly on an Englishwoman, his "ideal of womanhood" as he explains in every chapter, her Russian visionary husband and their strange hybrid son, Sir Philip illuminates England from the end of Victorianism to the restless peace of today. In the first person, and using a fictional family as instances, he dwells at length on the Suffrage Movement, Fabianism, the Decline of Caste, the Militarism of Germany, the Great Chaos, Disillusioned Youth, Bolshevism in Russia, and Hope. His

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canvas is a huge formless composite of all the pictures ever painted of the last decades. The perspective is noble and the tender light of tolerance shed over all. But the paint is squeezed from cracked and desiccated tubes.

The Enemy's Gates, by Richmond Brooks Barrett. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

MR. BARRETT starts off splendidly. The powerful Morgenthals are put before us with fine writing and sound psychology. Rachel the mother, wise and strong, but corroded with hidden anguish at her genial husband's philandering; their sons: Morton the calculating fop, George the victim of a thousand imagined hurts; and their daughter, the lusty Jessica—the whole rich, cultured, complex family grips from the outset. At last, we think, here is the first true picture of the great Jews of New York.

The Morgenthals grow older. And Jessica and George marry Christians. Whereupon the author jumps his track. For the terrible problems between these two couples are not necessarily those of race, as the title implies, but those of any thoroughly incompatible individuals. Jessica is a pagan, her husband a puritan. George is a man almost insane with fear of self, and Ann is master of her will.

The writing is still fine and often inspired, but the motives become increasingly obscure. Mr. Brooks shows immaturity in explaining rather than suggesting. And the character of George becomes a combination of terrific intensity, muddiness and contradiction that savors of the autobiographical. George is too near his maker's heart to stand alone and clear. M. M.

The Knave of Hearts, by Louise Saunders. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS tells the story of the prince whose bride should bake certain dainties, of the lovely maiden who knows nothing of the art of cooking, of her venture at the baking, her failure, the solution of the crisis by the Knave of Hearts. The story runs limpidly to its end; it opens like a window on to the clear scene of its events; its sum is naïve and distinct. At the same time you have the sense of a poetic atmosphere and of an elusive scope of meaning. There is a peculiar impression of a simple vehicle that carries a host of delicate implications. The play sustains the interest and contrives to keep the plot fresh, just how it is hard to determine, but it subtly succeeds in doing so. As a bit of child's theatre it is delightful and actable all through.

In his own vein of illustration, somewhat obvious but full of appeal and of a content forever happy, gold tinted and young, Maxfield Parrish has surpassed himself; the book is crowded with lavish designs and pages of color. S. Y.

Contributors

J. A. STEVENSON, Canadian correspondent of The Manchester Guardian, is a frequent contributor of political articles to current magazines.

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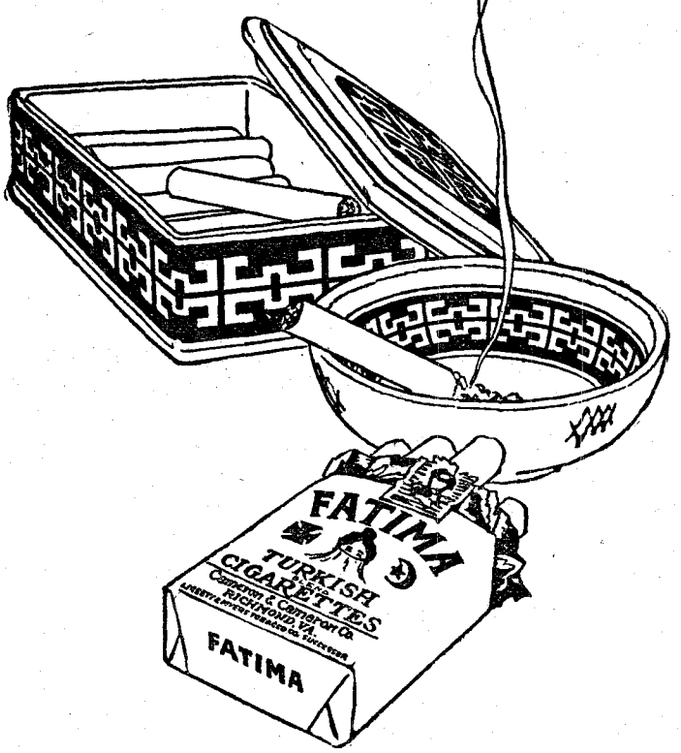

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